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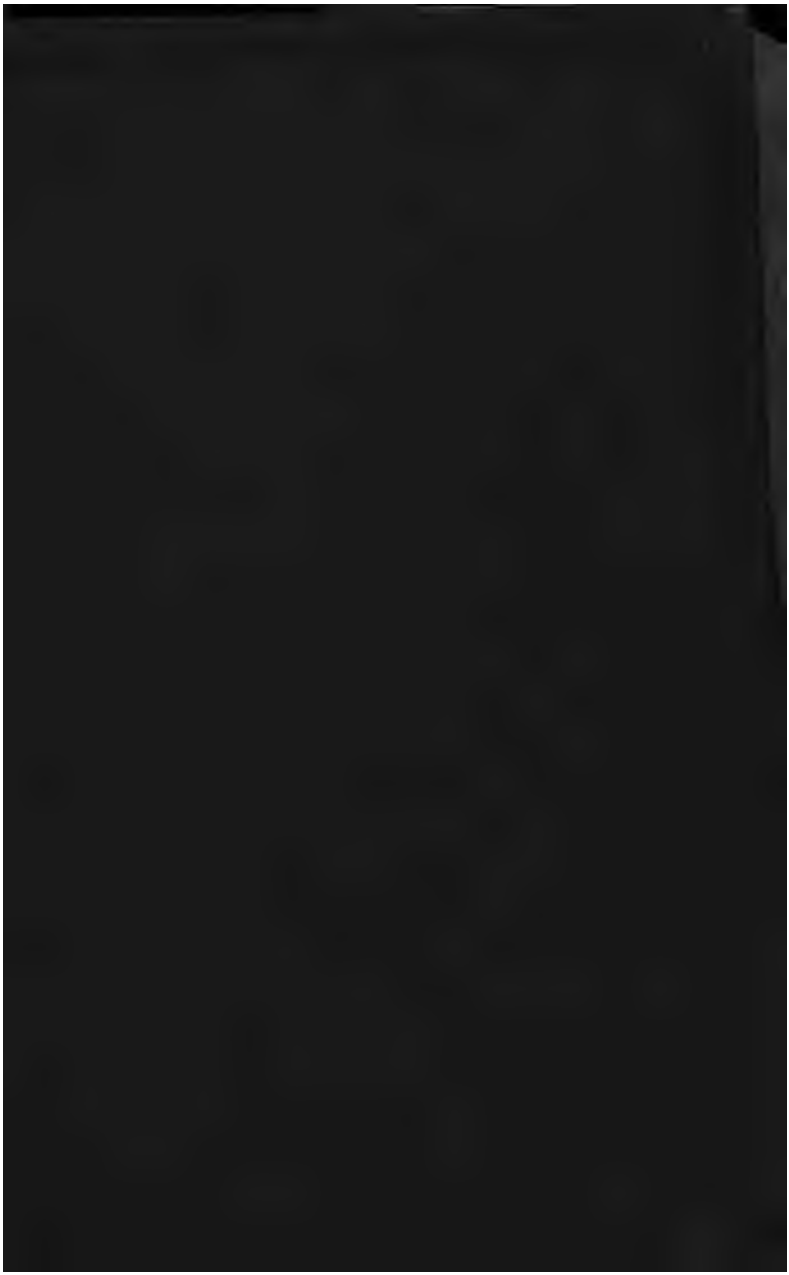
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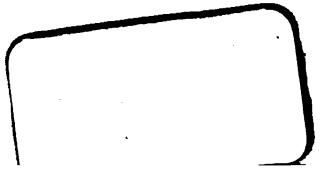
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Samuel Bonford.

3

HOMELY RHYMES, POEMS,

AND

REMINISCENCES.

BY

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

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[THIS volume is a reprint of Poems published in 1843, which have been long out of print. Upwards of fifty poems not included in any former collection have been added. The whole have been arranged by the Author, who has prefaced the volume with some Reminiscences of his Life.]

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TO THE READER.

SINCE 1843, when the last edition of the Author's poems was printed, the idea of a republication has scarcely occurred to his mind. The book then produced was noticed in various publications at the time, and was, with few exceptions, favourably commented upon. Twenty-one years have elapsed, and it now appears that another edition of his rhymes and poems may find a place in the public attention. Twenty-one years have not, however, passed without leaving marks of the flight of time. The Author now finds his task beset by difficulties which in his last essay he did not expect meeting so soon. The reading and revising of proofs must now be left to other hands, whilst corrections and emendations of former productions have to be made on the moment from memory and from the reading of another person, which the Author's imperfection of hearing renders still more difficult aptly to understand and proceed upon. An extension of life such as that which has fallen to the Author's lot, must, of necessity, have brought its infirmities, and from these he has not been exempted. Such is one of the conditions of human existence, and he has endeavoured, under all circumstances, to meet it in a becoming spirit. His present task is entered upon, and will, he trusts, be completed under the influence of a like feeling. The poems themselves he leaves to be judged by his readers, and he is not in the least hopeless that if some be thought lightly of, others will receive their just meed of approval. It may be thought by some, that the tone of these poems is at times too rude or too mournful; the Author cannot be responsible for that—it is an accident of his life—"The headlong waters will roar; the strong winds will speak, fiercely or mournfully; so the feelings of the human heart, when deeply moved, will seek utterance in terms which wait not to be measured; in words too fervid for the ears of the gentle graces." In youth the Author was as blithe as any, as wild and as jocund as

the wind; but time has sprinkled hoar on his head, and if some of it has fallen on his heart it is no wonder. Men call it sternness, coolness, reservation; it may be all or any of these, but the result is the same, and the shadows and darkenings must be accepted as part of our being.

The Author's first attempt at versification was made whilst he was in the employ of Messrs. Hole, Wilkinson, and Gartside, Manchester, and "The Snowdrop" was the first of his productions which appeared in print. He had then become a weaver at Middleton, and his daily and hourly connections with his neighbours opened to him a true knowledge of their local and trade oppressions. The voice of the whole country at this time resounded with complaints against outrages which were sanctioned by forms of law, and approved of by an executive which was probably as much detested as it was feared. Under these circumstances many of the most impressive verses were conceived or written, and for their justly indignant tone the rulers of those days were responsible. Love, Honour, Freedom, it may be observed, were the most frequent themes of his verse. Love led him to themes of endearment and the contemplation of beauty; Honour—the old Homeric and Ossianic romance of his youth—beguiled him to the worship of heroic feats; and Freedom inspired him with emotions ennobling even to the hero. His love was that of truthful hearts in their happy wanderings and their humble homes; his honour comprehended rectitude, equity; hence his heroism was the combat of right against wrong, in whatever form it appeared; and his freedom was that which sanctioned the resistance of wrong, peacably if it could be resisted, and forcibly if no other alternative was at hand. Thus, freedom of expression, with severe reprehension when justified, became habitual; whilst undisguised hatred of oppressors—the down-treaders of his brother men—was a natural consequence.

Almost twenty years ago, the Author, in a letter to Mr. John Wood, chairman of the Board of Excise, stated his conviction that the great bulk of disaffection which then existed among the working classes had its origin in arbitrary trade oppressions; and that the working classes never would imbibe a feeling of respectful attachment towards their employers and the middle classes, until the legislature enacted such laws as would effectually protect the wages of honest labour, and render it too sacred for

violation under any pretence whatever; but of late he has become painfully aware of the underhand and stealthy continuance of trade oppressions in obscure places and on favourable occasions. He now, therefore, warns his countrymen, tradesmen, legislators, and nobles, that until the poor man's wages for honest labour are rendered secure and inviolable by the strictest laws and most solemn declarations, there will always remain a canker-spot—an ulcerous sore in the heart of Old England, which shall render "its bold peasantry, once their country's pride," no longer to be relied upon in times of emergency.

Nearly the whole of the Author's life, since he attained years of reflection, may be viewed as a protest of right against wrong. His political tendencies have the same direction, and met with the fate which, with few exceptions, has been the lot of all who plead for mere justice against brutal strength. An instance of this may be found in what occurred during the remarkable trial of "Hunt and others," at York, during the Lent Assizes of 1820. They were accused of having assembled at a meeting on St. Peter's Field Manchester, on the 16th August, 1819, to petition for a reform of the Commons House of Parliament, and for a repeal of the Corn Laws, and, *in the indictment*, they were further charged with—"A conspiracy to alter the legal frame of the government and constitution of these realms, and with meeting tumultuously at Manchester, on the 16th of August last (1819), with 60,000 persons, many armed with sticks which they carried on their shoulders like firearms, and with bearing flags and banners, on which were inscriptions and devices calculated to inflame the minds of His Majesty's subjects against the constituted authorities of the state."

Such was the charge made against them, whilst, on the second day of the trial, the evidence of William Morris, a witness for the crown, showed that—"In the course of the month of August last (1819), I saw many groups of people near Middleton, Samuel Bamford (one of the defendants) used to be among them. On the 16th of August, about nine or ten o'clock, I saw many hundreds of people put in regular form at Middleton, with two flags; twenty-five men were in each section. I know not who formed them into sections, nor how many there were, but there certainly was a large number collected that day in the township—2,000 or 3,000 at least. They marched off four abreast, after being first drawn in the form of a square, in

the inside of which was placed a chair, on which Samuel Bamford stood, and said:—'Friends and neighbours,—I have a few words to relate; you will march off this place quietly, not to insult anyone, but rather take an insult. I do not think there will be any disturbance or any to do; if there is it will be after we come back; there is no fear, for the day is our own.' I did not hear him say anything more. He got off the chair and spread laurel among the men who were to command the sections; they put some into their breasts, and others in their hats. It was after this they marched off four abreast."

William Hulton, Esq., who acted as chairman of the magistrates on the 16th of August, in his examination by Mr. Scarlett on the third day of the trial, said in reference to the appearance of the Middleton party: "They first came by Mosley-street towards St. Peter's Square, with banners and music; they were apparently divided into sections, and had persons walking at the side, who, from time to time, seemed to give the word of command. This observation more particularly applied to the first body, for the others were too far off to be so minutely observed. All the bodies, however, proceeded regularly, and in a remarkable manner, for they did not march straight to the hustings, but wheeled when they received the word of command. The men appeared to be beautifully exact in coming up to the hustings, but I could not mark their motions afterwards." In his cross-examination by Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hulton said: "Neither I nor any of my brother magistrates attempted to persuade the people to disperse. . . . I saw some of the parties march into the field in beautiful order. . . . That body which marched so beautifully created great alarm in the town."

Such was the evidence for the crown, which in reference to Bamford was adduced to prove the charge laid in the indictment.

James Dyson, a witness for the defence, said: "I am a weaver, and reside at Middleton. I was on the Barrowfield on the 16th of August last, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. There were 600 or 700 people, both men, women, and children; I saw you (Bamford) there: you were walking about when first I saw you. I did not hear you say anything until you got upon a chair and addressed the people; you said 'Friends and neighbours—those of you who wish to join in the procession will endeavour to conduct yourselves orderly and peaceably, so that you may go as comfortably as possible. If any person insult you or give you offence, take no

notice of them. I make no doubt but there will be persons who will make it their business to go about in order to disturb the peace of the meeting. If you should meet with any such, endeavour to keep them as quiet as possible; if they strike you, don't strike them again, for it would serve as a pretext for dispersing the meeting. If the peace officers come to arrest me, or any other person, offer them no resistance, but suffer them to take us quietly. And when you get there, endeavour to keep yourselves as select as possible, with your banners in your centre; so that if any of you should straggle or get away you will know where to find each other by seeing your banners; and when the meeting is dissolved keep close to your banners, and leave the town as soon as possible. For if you should stay drinking or loitering in the streets, your enemies might take advantage of it; and if they could raise a disturbance, you would be taken to the New Bailey.' That is as much as I recollect; it is to the best of my knowledge, the substance of what you said. . . . I went to Manchester with the procession. I saw nothing on the way but peace and good order. We walked four abreast. There was no disagreement on the way. Saw no insult offered to any one; there were some jeering words used, but nothing worth notice; they were used by the bystanders who were looking on. We went in this order to Peter's Field. You led the party up, and got upon the hustings yourself. This was before Mr. Hunt's arrival; I saw him arrive. You were then standing near me, about forty yards from the hustings. You did not go upon the hustings afterwards to my knowledge. When Mr. Hunt arrived, I removed about fifteen yards from the hustings, and I saw you no more that day."

On the ninth day of the trial, Mr. Scarlett, the leading counsel for the crown, in commenting on the whole of the evidence for the defence said: "When he mentioned the name of Bamford, he could not but express his regret at the situation in which he saw him now placed. He (Mr. Scarlett) admired his talents, and the respectful manner in which he had conducted himself in the course of his defence; and probably others as well as himself were sorry that he was not found in better company."

On the tenth day, the learned judge (Mr. Justice Bayley) in summing up said: "The next evidence was that which related to Bamford, and it only showed that he recommended peace and order; still he was identified with the inscriptions on the banners, if they

(the jury) thought them illegal. If a meeting for considering a reform in parliament be illegal, he is an offender; but it was his lordship's duty to tell them it was not. There was no illegality in carrying sticks, unless they were for an unlawful purpose; nor banners unless their tenour was such as to excite suspicion of the objects of those who carried them there, or concurred in bringing them there with an evil intention. As to numbers, they alone did not make a meeting illegal, unless attended with such circumstances as did actually excite terror, or were reasonably calculated to excite terror." The learned judge also said: "All that had been proved against Bamford in his speech was a recommendation to peace and order. There were no sticks in his group, save a few common walking-sticks carried by old men. There were women and young persons in the throng, and it was for the jury to consider whether Bamford and the people carrying their wives and daughters with them to such a crowd meant to create, on that day, riot, tumult, and disorder; with such an intention nothing was less likely than that they would carry to the scene those who were the dearest objects of their affection. According to the evidence for Bamford, the people in his party, so far from being tumultuous, were peaceable and joyful, and the drilling, as it was called, so far from being illegal and nocturnal was open and innocent. The only object being merely to enable the people to attend the meeting as conveniently for each other and the public as it was possible. The learned judge then enumerated the names of the witnesses who swore that the parties, on the 16th August, went to the meeting in the utmost peace, and conducted themselves while there with equal tranquillity. There was no act of violence, according to these witnesses, committed by them; no violation of peace which would bring them under the reprehension of the law. So far in favour of Bamford." The learned judge did not say—an accidental omission, no doubt—that none of the evidence in favour of Bamford had been questioned or contradicted.

Such was the evidence for the prosecution and for the defence, so far as it related to Bamford's individual case, and such was the spontaneous testimony awarded to him by the leading counsel for the crown, and such the summing up of the judge in his favour; yet after all this, the sapient and most righteous special jury, not one of whom during ten days had been seen to take a single note of memoranda, returned the Author's name amongst the guilty,—an act of

perversity, to say the least of it, which created astonishment in the whole court.

He had now only to appear before the judges to receive sentence, and on the last day of Easter Term, 1820, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Lincoln Castle, another instance of abhorrent oppression of simple truthful right being trampled upon by brutal wrong.

In the eddies and whirlpools of a life so agitated, many of the homely rhymes and poems were produced; and in noticing their imperfections, it is hoped that their promptings will not be forgotten. At Lincoln Castle the Author's imprisonment was made to bear as lightly as possible, the county magistrates' indulgent orders being freely carried out by the governor and principal turnkey. His journey to Middleton, in company with his wife, was a pleasant walk of three days. Meetings of old friends, and warm greetings by some, were all that could be desired; whilst others, whose friendship had grown cold, or who, in the season of the Author's adversity had proved faithless, viewed his return with but faint tokens of satisfaction. In truth, his appearance in outward habiliment was scarcely that of a sufferer. A friend had helped him to new clothing, and these cold-hearted "know-him-nots" suspected him of having been "saving money" during the time he was away. A sad mistake that; for after paying the rent due, he had only a few shillings left.

Hunt, finding him no longer subservient, had ceased to correspond; but Sir Charles Wolseley, with his nobly impulsive nature, supplied him with a small sum to commence making goods on his own account. This he found he could not do and compete with the large manufacturer, without the dishonest means of purchasing cheap remnants of weavers' material, and working them into his own goods. This he would not do. He had never, as a weaver, been guilty of keeping back any of his employer's property, and he would not taint his integrity by now abandoning the self respect which he had won as a patriot.

An occurrence which took place about this time might seem to indicate that his conduct was not always regulated by this just principle. A beautiful peruche silk warp which, with shoot of the same colour, had been given him to weave, was found to be streaked when the tab appeared into cloth. His employer was concerned, and asked could it not be mended. The Author said it could, and he

undertook to make a perfect piece of cloth for a reasonable consideration. This the employer gladly agreed to; and the weaver having a convenient length of "reach" picked it well, passed the rods to the head, and drew the whole length through the healds and reed upon the cloth-beam; making it even, at times, with pasteboard. This he continued until the whole warp was transferred from the yarn-beam to the cloth-beam; after which the beams were transposed, and the warp was woven, and, in a beautiful piece of cloth, replaced on the yarn-beam. Mr. M——, the employer, was quite pleased, and, without asking how it had been done, gave the weaver 1s. 2d. per yard for the performance; a price which he never before nor since received for any description of weaver's work. But this trifling feat, though the weaver was as much pleased with it as the employer, was followed by a circumstance which caused the workman considerable pain and regret. The idea of thus amending striped work was a new one, and the weaver was determined that it should remain with his own family until he saw the result of the experiment. During its progress, therefore, he took means for preventing the entrance of anyone not of the family into his weaving room. It happened, however, that one day a dapper youth, who was employed in Mr. M——'s "putting-out room," at Manchester, suddenly made his appearance at the head of the stairs, and was, of course, as suddenly desired to withdraw; which he did, in a not very pleasant frame of mind, and the Author thought no more of the circumstance. Shortly afterwards he was surprised on receiving from the warehouse an account of materials in which it was said he was deficient, or, in other words, "short of weight." He could not account for this, and it was a way of balancing with a weaver which he had never heard of, the reckoning being generally made at the end of every warp. Mr. M—— felt assured that the materials had been given out to him, and the weaver was quite as certain that he had not detained a single shred of cloth or a loop of silk. His workshop, however, was in a chamber or upper room, and the season having been very dry some weight might have been lost in consequence. The winder, also, who was a boy, was found to have been on one or two occasions careless, and this would seem further to account for some additional loss. Still the circumstance, as a whole, was inexplicable, and the weaver, feeling assured full well that if he, marked character as he was, went before a magistrate, he

would have something more to pay, and perhaps be branded as one who had attempted to defraud his employer, a charge which he could not contemplate without a shudder. He felt assured that for "such as him," twice charged with treason, and already domiciled in some half dozen prisons, justices' law in Lancashire would be a miracle indeed if it were just. He therefore paid Mr. M——'s account, and went on working as before, and it was not until after the lapse of some time that he found this account was made up of various small fractions of ounces and drams which had occurred during some months, and in the weaving of a number of warps. These added together made out the account thus charged, a mode of reckoning not at all common to the respectable fraternity of loomsters. The weaver always considered Mr. M——, his employer, an honourable man, but the sequel of the account made against him the workman always imputed to the dapper youth before alluded to, and the experience of after years has not tended to erase the suspicion.

In 1822, the Author removed to Stake Hill, where he wrote "A Voice from Spain," "Stake Hill Ball," "My Wynder," and other pieces. In 1826, whilst living at Middleton, he prevented a raid of steam-loom breakers from visiting the towns of Heywood, Rochdale, and Middleton. He thus preserved much property from destruction, and probably saved some lives, thereby drawing upon himself the maledictions of persons who were covertly waiting for an opportunity to plunder. During the same year he became a correspondent of a London morning paper, and whilst he was so engaged, he never omitted an opportunity of helping the right in its resistance to wrong, and in supporting the weak against the unjustly strong. He had now ceased to be a weaver, and many of the weavers, some of them his old acquaintances, looked upon him as an alien to their class, and their interests. He never was so, however, but always upheld their cause, and pleaded for their rights whenever their conduct was such as permitted him to do so with truth.

The Chartists having become a strong and daily increasing party, under the guidance of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, agitation of a not very temperate or rational kind became the order of the day. Richard Oastler, calling himself "king of the factory children," appeared on the stage, and delivered in various parts of the country numerous orations in favour of a Factory Act, and against the New Poor Law.

In one of his perambulations he visited Middleton, and addressed a numerous assemblage of his friend O'Connor's followers, Chartists, in a dissenters' chapel. The Author attended to furnish a report for one of the Manchester newspapers. Oastler, Hart, the Minister of the Chapel, and a Chartist leader from Spotland occupied the pulpit. The reporter stood on the top of the pulpit stairs outside. The place was densely crowded, and Oastler was in the full enjoyment of an abusive speech against the public press, its supporters and contributors. The reporter, in order to catch light for the taking of his notes, stood with his back to the orator, when the words "Scoundrels of the press!" struck his ear; and turning suddenly he found Oastler looking at him. "Are those words addressed to me?" he demanded. "They are," were Oastler's reply. "Then I have to say that you are stating a falsehood," was the instant rejoinder. This was a choker to the orator, and he made a full stop, during which there was a dead silence. "Then," he said, breaking the pause, "I will not speak another word until that person," pointing to the reporter, "is turned out." The latter amid indescribable confusion and cries of "pull him down!" "turn him out!" and other menacing vociferations, eyed Oastler sternly, and then putting his note-book in his pocket, he buttoned up his coat, and speaking loudly above the uproar, he said—"Who is to begin, then?" The noise subsided, and he repeated the question, "Who is to begin, then?" "Who starts it?" Not a hand was raised; not a foot stepped forth. The reporter stood there with an air of determined self-defence. Oastler looked silly and embarrassed; and his friends in the pulpit, feeling, no doubt, pained at the position in which he had placed himself, pulled him by the button and whispered in his ear, and after a few coughs and a-hems, the orator made a finish of his address.

Incidents like the above tended to place the Author in a light which seemed antagonistic to the Chartist body and their claims. He never was so in reality, but he would maintain his right to freedom of action, in thought and expression; and whilst he repelled every attempt by individuals to coerce him, or arbitrarily to influence him, his greatest contempt and repugnance was reserved for mob law and mob violence.

In 1832, the Author was compelled to undertake the office of constable. He evaded the oath until threatened with a prosecution, and he was then sworn at the New Bailey—in that court where he

had so frequently appeared under charges of treason and misdemeanor. He felt his position to be a singular one, and having taken the oath, he determined faithfully to carry it into effect, according to the means he had in hand. A faction was at that time appearing in Middleton, which afterwards became the Chartist party, and when, at the expiration of his year of office, he submitted his accounts, amounting to a matter of fifteen shillings, they were, with the exception of one or two small items, disallowed; and ever afterwards the Chartists of Middleton omitted but few opportunities of acting towards him as if he had been their enemy.

In 1839 he was a leader of special constables, and took means for rendering the party which he directed as efficient as possible. This again was a cause of enmity on the part of the Chartists, who, with their weak but mischievously minded leaders, were carried away by ideas of a "national holiday" and a "sacred month"—matters entirely at variance with the more sober aspirations of the old Radical Reformers. About this time he commenced publishing his "Passages in the Life of a Radical," and shortly afterwards he went to reside in a cottage at Charlestown, in the township of Blackley, where he memorialised the Postmaster-General for a "receiving office" for letters, and it was granted.

In 1851, Mr. John Wood, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, offered him employment at Somerset House, and he, considering that the salary would be a means of subsistence for himself and wife as old age advanced, accepted the offer; and he was placed in a situation in the warehouse department, and afterwards in that of clerk in the "newspaper and pamphlet registration" department, where having refused to apologise, certainly in not a respectful manner, for words addressed to the head of the department, Mr. Wood, with the Author's own consent, removed him to the "voucher office," Broad-street, in the city. This department was afterwards removed to offices in Norfolk-street, Strand, and was ultimately placed in the new buildings fronting Wellington-street South, where the Author was employed in arranging and making out a catalogue of about 22,000 volumes of account books, some of them of very old dates, and the whole comprising accounts of every imaginable description and transaction relative to the revenues of the United Kingdom; besides these, there were many tons weight of papers tied in bundles and labelled with the years to which they referred. These books and papers had been

stored and crammed in a number of deep cellars in Somerset Place, and when they were dragged out to open light in the new depository that had been prepared for them, Bamford felt astonished at the fatuity which during two centuries could have been accumulating such a mass of rubbish. His friend, Mr. Wood, died in 1857. His own health, he found, was becoming impaired; and the saddening reflection often occurred—what should he do when old age rendered him no longer able to discharge the duties of his situation? The consciousness of having a true friend at the head of the commissioners had hitherto tranquillised his mind with respect to future contingencies, but now that friend was gone, and he did not suppose that he had another remaining either in or about the government establishments. It seemed also that his position was one not entirely worthy of his character or his antecedents, whilst it certainly did not harmonise with his tastes; and he had only waited to see whether, at the expiration of seven years, some change would not have been effected which would reconcile him to a continuance of services under Mr. Wood. That friend, however, was now gone; and he deemed it a duty owing to himself to seek other occupation whilst he was yet able to do it. He therefore once more turned his thoughts towards Lancashire, where he hoped to be able to earn a livelihood by creditable and useful exertions, and he wrote to the head of the department under which he was employed as follows:—

Depository of Books and Papers,
24th April, 1858.

Dear Sir,—On the 21st of this month was completed the seventh year since my honoured friend, the late Mr. Wood, first gave me employment at Somerset House. I have awaited the accomplishment of this date, as an approach to the term of my servitude here; and I now beg to inform you that I wish to retire from my present situation on the 1st of May, Saturday next. I shall be pardoned perhaps for mentioning that, according to usual wont and custom, several days are due to me as holidays; and if you would sanction my letter to the Board for six days' leave of absence—which I understand are due—I should perhaps not be required to attend on business after this day.—I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

L. S. Lyne, Esq., Accountant-General.

Sir,—Mr. Lyne has desired me to inform you that he has no objection to your taking the few days' absence you wish to have now. It will however be right that you should make application to him in the usual official manner.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RICHD. GRIPPER.

24th April, 1858.—Mr. Samuel Bamford.

Application in the usual official form was accordingly made, and then came the following:—

Dear Sir,—I regret to learn, by your note of this morning, that you are about to leave us, and I trust that you will find the means of passing the remainder of life in some pursuits more congenial to your philosophical mind, than I am afraid your occupation here has been. Allow me to assure you of my sincere respect for your character, and that it will be at all times gratifying to me to hear of your welfare.—I remain, dear sir, always sincerely yours,

L. S. LYNE.

Samuel Bamford, Esq., 24th April, 1858.

This was on a Saturday, and before the Author left Somerset House, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, one of the Honourable Commissioners of Inland Revenue, sent for him, and in a very handsome and kind manner offered him an opportunity for re-considering the step he had taken, intimating that possibly other employment might be found if he chose to remain. His mind, however, was made up, his determination taken, and with sincere thanks to the honourable baronet, he expressed his wish not to remain in any employment under Government. Contrary to the usual practice in such cases, he sent in the keys of his desk to Mr. Lyne, and with them he forwarded a minute list of every article his desk contained, or that was to be found in the rooms he and his assistants occupied. He now breathed the air of freedom, and felt himself to be the arbiter of his own fortunes, though the latter being unforeseen and unprovided for cast a somewhat gloomy shade on his future advance; but

> Endurance, with patience, must bear the strong part,
> Sustain, when it could not give peace to the heart;

and courage, with a determination that whatever might be his fate, he would deserve good fortune. He flung present cares and anxieties to the winds. On the 24th of May he took a ticket at Euston Station for Manchester, and whilst waiting on the platform he was joined by the son of an old friend at Manchester, who was also going down, and who invited him to a seat in the carriage where his luggage and a friend were already waiting. Bamford accepted the invitation, and a snug little party of about eight spent the time comfortably and cheerfully until near Attleborough, when there was a sudden jolt, of which not much notice was taken. Then another jolt, gravel rattling against the window, and the carriage seeming to dart across the rails. "We are off the rails!" Bamford said, flinging himself at half length on the seat from which its occupant had rolled to the floor. Direful screams and cries, with prayers for mercy and protection, frantic and horror-stricken gesticulation, were now the

distressing evidences of intense fear. In a moment the carriage stopped, and Bamford, addressing a lady who was opposite to him, assured her they were all safe, and opening the door invited his fellow-passengers to alight. On doing so they found the train was nearly a wreck. The carriage in which he and his fellow-passengers were sitting, and which at starting was the third or fourth from the engine, having broken loose, and being now the leading one, whilst many of the carriages which followed it were completely smashed, and lay strewn in splinters. Three persons were killed, and many were injured. A poor cow had wandered on the line in search of its calf, the engine struck it, and its mutilated carcase lay like a bloody trail on the line. After a delay of some hours the remainder of the journey to Manchester was accomplished without further accident. On the 8th of June the Author and his wife arrived in that city, and on the 10th they took up their residence in a cottage at Moston, and with abiding hope they entered on a new life in old age,

> So, birds which have been wandering
> Where storms have rudely blown
> Are fain to rest their weary wing,
> Before the sun goes down.

But the "weary wing" was not yet to have rest. After discharging all expenses, a few pounds only were left for future requirements. He had long felt confident that his case, if clearly stated, and, firmly supported, would, if no other resource was available, induce government to grant him such compensation for his past wrongful imprisonments and persecutions as would prevent all further anxiety about the means of subsistence. Just compensation he asked for, and nothing more. He had thought that he might, with credit to himself, ask for this, and that meanwhile, until it was granted, he might usefully and becomingly earn the means for thrifty requirements by public "readings and recitations from his own works, and those of other authors." Mr. Bazley, the member for Manchester, without his knowledge, at once took up his case, and a gratuity of £50 from the Royal Bounty Fund was the consequence. But other efforts for a permanent acknowledgment of his claims were not, he soon found, to be responded to.

He had supposed that his claims might be brought before parliament; and in a petition, drawn up for presentation to the House of Commons, he trusted "that the honourable house, as the representative of the greatest, the richest, and the most powerful nation known to man, would not suffer the just claims of one of the humblest of its citizens to remain unrequited."

His views, however, were futile; his case was clearly stated, and strongly urged in the petition; but at one time he learned there were "no funds" for the compensation of political sufferers; and at another time that the awarding of pensions was a prerogative of the executive, and the executive, it appeared, not having the will or the power to grant him his just claims, they were then, and have since remained, in abeyance. In one of his letters he urged that the Prime Minister should be asked either to concede what was claimed, or to state his reasons for refusing it, but he was silenced by the observation that the prerogative was insuperable, and not to be questioned.

The readings and recitations which he had supposed would meet thrifty requirements for the present, proved but a weak staff to lean upon; and though Mr. Benjamin Brierley on several occasions kindly lent his aid by giving extracts from his "Sketches of Lancashire Life and Character," the proceeds on the whole were but palliatives to a constantly recurring necessity. The aged pair were often forced to those sad expedients, which are bitterly known to the uncomplaining and self-respectant class; and it became apparent that in writing that stanza of "God help the poor," beginning—"Another have I found," he was but foreshadowing his own fate. Things had changed during his seven years' absence from Lancashire. Of his old friends some were dead, some had retired from business and the district altogether; some had imbibed prejudice from his having taken employment under government, and thereby abandoning, as they assumed, his reform principles; forgetting, or not choosing to know, that a rule so applied would sever from the ranks of reform probably one half of the best reformers they contained. Mr. Wood, Bamford's friend and patron, though holding an important situation under the government, was as thoroughly a parliamentary reformer as was Bamford himself. Some of his friends also had become rich and high in the world, and these, though affable and patronising if called upon, forbore to renew the friendship of former days. They were probably fearful lest he should become troublesome and

obtrusive—poor fellows, but they were greatly mistaken in the man—their old friend.

Recurring from digression, a change in our Author's condition suddenly and unexpectedly took place. The action of friends in Lancashire (who, more than personal ones, were friends of truth and right) superseded the necessity for awaiting the movement of dogged and stolid prerogative at London, and all anxiety relative to means for subsistence was removed.

This was as it should be, unasked for, unexpected, honourable to the donors, creditable to the receiver; and it was accepted with the grateful satisfaction which such an acknowledgment was calculated to inspire.

The aged pair might now take their rest, and they did so. But the strain on both had been severe, and frequent derangements of health showed that weakness, a sure attendant of old age, was making way to his final errand. Mr. Bamford first suffered from paralysis of the right leg and foot, which was counteracted by prompt and energetic means, though to him it was evident that both physically and mentally, he remained slightly affected. At intervals, he took medicine under the direction of Dr. Pegge, of Newton Heath, whose gratuitous attendance and advice could not be declined. His kindness to many besides the Author, so long as he lived, was deeply appreciated. He was a "good Samaritan" indeed: blessings on his memory!

After some time Mrs. Bamford had an attack of paralysis, and the same means being applied as in her husband's case, she nearly recovered, but was checked by a lameness, caused by accidentally falling down stairs. The good doctor was again at hand. The use of the foot was restored, and she went about her household duties, though with diminished aptitude for the work. Several epileptic fits had also latterly caused her husband much anxiety, as she might have fallen in dangerous positions, had he not prevented it. Her health was now evidently impaired, and seriously giving way. On the evening of the 15th of October she began to hiccough. Epileptic spasms ensued, and she was never again conscious. The doctor once more attended her, but he declined to administer remedies, saying they would be unavailing. She continued breathing, but unconscious, until the evening of the 23rd October, 1862, when, in the 74th year of her age, life departed.

POEMS.

HYMN TO SPRING.

SWEET bringer of new life,
 Welcome thou hither!
Though with thee comes the strife
 Of changeful weather.
Oh! young and coldly fair,
Come with thy storm-blown hair.
Down casting snow-pearls fair,
 For earth to gather!

Approachest thou in shower?
 Mist hath enroll'd thee,
Till, changed by viewless power,
 Bright we behold thee!
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly by
Green holm and mountain high,
 Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely rindles glide,
Unheard thou movest;
Wide-strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
'Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing!

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding!
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun—
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
On tall bough sitting;
The ouzle's wizard note
By dingle flitting;

The lov'd one, too, is there,
Above his snow-fringed lair—
He sings, in sun-bright air,
 Carol befitting.

Come ev'ry tone of joy!
 Add to the pleasure;
Sweet robin's melody
 Joins in the measure:
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
 Their sparkling treasure.

The hazle bloom is hung
 Where beams are shining;
The honey-bine hath clung,
 Garlands entwining,
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world, his own,
 Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
 Welcome thou hither;
And welcome, too, the strife
 Of changeful weather!
Oh! ever young and fair,
Cast from thy storm-blown hair
Bright drops, and snow-pearls fair
 For earth to gather!

DIALOGUE WITH FAME.

WHO art thou so wondrous fair,
All in glory shining?
Men adore thee ev'rywhere—
Answer my divining.

I am that which heroes claim,
For their deeds of daring;
I can raise a humble name—
Why art thou despairing?

Dost thou yonder warrior see,
Weary with destroying?
Shall he hope to climb to thee,
O'er the dead and dying?

Waste of life and woe of fight,
Nothing do concern me;
If the soldier comes in right,
Surely he shall earn me.

One doth heaps of gold amass;—
If his breath should fail him,
Whither would his mem'ry pass?
Bright one, wouldst thou hail him?

If for good he had employ'd
That he lays beside him,
In his life and when he died,
I had not denied him.

One in pulpit prayeth loud,
God with things acquainting:
How shall he become endow'd,
For his noisy sainting?

If his life be meek and pure,
Moral as his preaching,
Even him I can endure,
When he hath done his teaching.

One is mounted on a throne,
Myriads are admiring;
Canst thou such a king disown,
Splendid and aspiring?

Is he wise, he merits fame,
And he too shall share it;
If a fool, the greater shame,
His actions will declare it.

Thou canst raise a humble name,
Mine indeed is humble;
Should I win a meed of fame,
Friends of mine would grumble.

Strive to climb yon envied path—
 Glory beams above it;
Though the world should howl in wrath,
 Turn and look, and love it.

TO A SNOWDROP.[1]

Welcome, thou little modest flower!
Thou venturest forth in stormy hour,
Bending thine head beneath the shower,
 So meek and low;
Smiling at hoary winter's lour,
 Amongst the snow.

Welcome, thou little bonny thing!
Glad are the tidings thou dost bring;
Soon will the grass begin to spring,
 The trees to bud,
And feathered songsters sweetly sing
 In yonder wood.

But ah! too short will be thy stay,
Lone guest of winter's dreary day!
Scarce will the sun upon thee play
 His beam of light,
Ere thou wilt wither and decay,
 And sink in night.

And so have many sunk beside;
Some dropping from their tow'ring pride—
Some in their lowliness have died.
Perchance I may
Look bright upon a stormy world,
And pass away!

THE WIND UNBOUND.

God doth unbind the enchainéd wind;
He bids him go, and he straightway goeth!
The mighty one from the Lord is gone—
O'er ocean wide and land he bloweth.

From mountain peak doth he terror shake,
'Mid cavern'd echoes he wildly crieth;
His wings descend where the pine woods bend—
O'er desert plain in thick cloud he flieth.

On moonless night doth he take his flight!
Star-spangled regions he then exploreth;
Flings wide his pinions in heaven's dominions,
And towards God's own palace gate he soareth.

Then back he bends, and to earth descends—
Cloud-rending stormer, the world he shaketh!
Pale Fear lies wailing, the brave are quailing
The proud he humbles, the strong he breaketh.

On shoreless main, when his path is ta'en,
Howling he calls on that whelming ocean;
The deep sea cleaveth, the billow heaveth,
And wind and flood meet in dire commotion;

No ship may ride through that dreadful tide—
Stark hollow yells, every hope denying:
The fierce wind breaketh, the wave down taketh—
Oh, God! have mercy upon the dying.

WOLSEY'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE RUINS OF LEICESTER ABBEY, SEPTEMBER, 1829.

Now Wolsey was, in olden time,
A man of high renown;
And I went forth to seek his grave,
Close by fair Leicester town.
I stood beside the ruin'd wall,
And a damsel passéd by;
And I said, "Come, shew me, maiden fair,
Where doth Lord Wolsey lie?"

"Lord Wolsey, Sir? there is no lord
Within these Abbey gates;
There's only Master Warner here,
The land who cultivates;
And Mistress Warner, and the maids,
And the pretty children dear,
And the men that in the garden dig:
Lord Wolsey is not here."

An old man labour'd in the ground—
His locks were silver grey;
I said, "Where is Lord Wolsey's grave?
Come, shew to me, I pray."
He from his labour ceas'd awhile,
And rested on his spade;
And when he told me he was deaf,
I repeated what I'd said.

"Lord Wolsey? why, I never heard
Of such a man before;
And I am old enough to know—
I'm upwards of fourscore.
There's Well'sley,—he is still alive,—
Who fought through France and Spain;
My Jack went with him to the wars,
But he ne'er returned again.

A lady in that garden stray'd,
And her I next address'd:
"Pray, madam, can you point to me
The place of Wolsey's rest?"

And she said, neither heap nor sod,
Nor stone, nor pillar grey,
Was left to indicate the spot
Where the once proud Wolsey lay ![2]

THE ROSY BEAUTY.

A LITTLE rosy beauty
I chancéd once to spy ;
Within the lonely woodlands
Were only she and I.
Oh ! tell me, precious jewel,
Why strayest thou alone ?
She, smiling, said, "I'm not afraid,
For I have injured none.

"I come each morn a-milking,
I can come on ev'ry eve ;
But cushy now hath wander'd,
Till lost, I do believe."
"I'll go with thee and find her,
Each dell and copse I know,
And where the grass is sweetest,
And where the waters flow."

Where posies gay were springing,
I led the artless maid,
And where the birds were singing,
Forgetfully we stray'd;
Where blossoms were the whitest,
And where the sward was green,
And where the rill ran brightest,
We found a path unseen.

And there I took occasion
To speak of sundry things:
Of life—its short duration—
How riches make them wings;
That true love was a duty,
A wondrous pleasure too;
And I whisper'd to that beauty,
"Why may not I and you?

I know thee, my delighter,
And thou hast heard my name;
I'm not a maiden's slighter,
Thou shalt not blush for shame."
I took her to my bosom,
And kiss'd her bonny mouth;
And, oh! but it was sweeter
Than honey from the south.

Awhile she stood confused,
The tear was in her eye;
The dove was all unuséd
Unto that fearful joy.

I sooth'd and I caress'd her,
Until she did incline;
And, if my love hath bless'd her,
The blessed one is mine!

A WINTER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

SUPPOSED TO BE DESCRIBED BY A LANCASHIRE RUSTIC.

First comes the white bearded frost at morn,
Next comes the red sun, bald and shorn,
Then comes the sleet, and then comes the snow,
And then, o'er the winter-fields howling doth go,
The dark cold wind forlorn.

What do I see at the broad mid-day?
Wild birds a-flocking to fly away;
Brown hare is sitting close under the fern,
Pheasants in cover feed, fowls by the barn;
Calf doth in crib lie, the kine in their bay,
Dickon is thrashing that weary wet day;
Dame is at spinning wheel, Mal butter makes,
Betty brews Kesmus ale, Dorothy bakes;
Cross-mark the dough, and the cream, and the malt,
So that if witch should come, back she must halt.

Heigh, then! for jannocks o' barley and rye!
Heigh! for the smoking hot potatoe pie!
Heigh! for the brewing of humming brown ale!
Where there's good meat and drink, work will not fail.

What do I mark at the waning of day?
Sun, like a truant, goes round-about way,
Down by the south he hangs cloudy and shy,
As heaven's mid arch were too wide and too high.
But 'ere he meet the sea's weltering streams,
Will he not look again with his bright beams?
Purple and molten gold 'neath him are spread;
Ruby and amber-light gleam over head.
Oh! what a deluge of splendour he flings,
Thousands of miles from his burning wide wings!

Now, as I gaze on that glory-lost sky,
Shadows of darkness around me do fly,
And witches are spanning the dolesome black clouds,
To rend into palls and to shape into shrouds.
I'd better home again, lest it should be
That the weird hags begin spanning for me.
Goodly old psalm tune I'll hum by the way,
For strange things do happen at closing of day.

Day hath departed, and here cometh night;
Clouds are fast riding, and stars glitter bright—
Some ope and twinkle, like eyes of fair gold,
Some are a ruby red, some pale and cold.
Oh! what a strewing of diamonds' sheen
Spangles the robe of the night-walking queen!

Oh! what a pathway the Maker hath trod!
Stars are but dust in the footsteps of God.

Hark! what a sounding adown the broad sky!
From the blue star-regions cometh a sigh;
Voice of the troubled wind 'gins to bewail;
Wings of the mighty wind hitherward sail.
Now he comes howling, like ocean's sad roar,
On the lone verge of some desolate shore—
Now he is calling, both loud and forlorn,
For havock to mount and ride with him till morn!
Now he goes crying, like cradle-reft child;
Now whistles shrill, like a night-prowler wild;
Now doth he scream, like an eagle for prey;
Now, like a myriad of steeds, rush away!

I'll hurry timeously over the moor,
Shut close my casement, and fasten my door.
Warlocks and night-hags may come on the blast,
I've a good horse-shoe they cannot get past.
Safe thêre, I'll ponder each notablė sight
I marked at morning, noon, evening, and night.

HOMELY RHYMES ON BAD TIMES.

EREWHILE I sang of courtly dame,
With eyes divine and tresses fair,
And look'd, and look'd until there came
Creeping around my heart a snare;
But hitherto we've been aware
In time to shun all sinfulness;
Besides my wife is passing fair,
And doth with true affection bless,
Sufficient then my happiness.

And I have sung about the War
Which swept my countrymen away,
Scattering their mangled bodies far,
From Belgium to Corunna's Bay.
Oh! then the wolf had glorious prey;
Daily he walk'd forth to dine,
And lapp'd the warm blood merrily,
As the blithe tippler takes his wine,
That kings might reign by right divine.

And I awake a fearless strain,
About the rulers of our land;
These limbs have borne their heavy chain,
Their fetters too have galled my hand,

And twice accuséd did I stand
Of treason 'gainst a hated king;
Lo! falsehood fails, and I demand
Justice for my imprisoning—
Justice! Ah, there was no such thing.*

E'en now in prison do I write,
This is the sixth in which I've lain,
Not for infringing any right,
Not life nor property I've ta'en.
Ask you the reason, then; 'tis plain—
I made escape upon that day
When many of my friends were slain,
And many sorely wounded lay
Gasping in their strong agony.

And so the fools have sent me here,†
'Tis for my benefit no doubt,
To pass my three and thirtieth year
In study and in sober thought,
And feeling grateful as I ought.
How can I less than sing a lay,
The memorable deeds about,
Of Hulton and of Parson Hay,
And that fam'd corps of yeomanry.

* The responsible ministers of those days, and it would seem of later ones also, ignored the dignity of benign justice, which repairs and restores as well as punishes.—*See the late case of Mr. Bewicke.*

† Lincoln Castle.

Now the long war was o'er at last,
And there arose a shout of joy;
Napoleon, in his prison fast,
No longer could our peace destroy.
And, whilst on pudding, beef, and pie,
The people pleaséd did regale,
Monarchs were meeting, snug and sly,
And planning how they might prevail
To keep the human mind in jail.

Ah! little thought our workers then
That dire distress would come so soon,
Nor dream't our merry gentlemen
That night would overtake their noon,
A fearful night without a moon,
Or solitary star to light,
When Canning, orator, buffoon,*
Should prophesy of daggers bright
Groping for murder in that night.

But thus it was, the Cotton trade
Was presently thrown all aback,
And some who mighty sums had made
Began to feel their credit slack;
And then there came a thundering crack,
Which made the men of straw to stare,
Whilst "Church and King" look'd densely black,
Saint Chapel man betook to prayer,
Though sometimes he would almost swear.

* See his speeches about this time, 1817, in the House of Commons on the internal state of the country, not forgetting his heartless sneer at "the reverend and ruptured Ogden."

For was it not perversely strange,
That in a time of peace profound,
Should come so terrible a change
And press them to the very ground,
The rates were almost pound for pound.
While keen taxation still did fleece,
At length some "son of Gotham" found
'Twas sudden change from war to peace
That caused our commerce to decrease.

This was indeed a lucky thought,
For though it mended not the case,
A sudden gleam of hope it brought
To cheer that woful length of face
So gravely worn i'th' market place.
Oh! had but Hogarth lived to see
Those signs of "penitential grace,"
He would have smil'd as well as me
At such grotesque humility.

Clinging to that fallacious hope,
They sank into a blind repose,
Nor did they once their eyelids ope
To take a peep beyond their nôse,
Else they had seen how it arose
That commerce lingered more and more,
That tax on bread did interpose
A barrier at the merchant's store,
Or rudely warn'd him from our shore.

Now will I draw the veil aside
And workman's sad condition show;
Come hither, daughters, sons of pride,
And ponder on this scene of woe.
Behold him through the wintry snow
All faint, and slowly take his way,
Whilst the cold wind doth on him blow,
His mournful eyes stare haggardly,
He hath not tasted food to-day.

And he hath been to yonder town
To try if he could work obtain;
Not work he got, but many a frown,
And word of slight, that gave him pain;
And some there were who did complain
Of losses by their "stock on hand;"
And some did blame the King of Spain,
The "well-beloved Ferdinand,"
And some the rulers of the land.

And when again he reaches home,
His little ones around him press;
And some do shout for joy, and some
Climb to his knees with eagerness.
Whilst others their "dear father" bless,
And ask if he hath brought a cake,
When, starting from forgetfulness,
He looketh upward to the flake,—
No bread, for love or pity's sake!

Where is the partner of his care?
Behold her on a wretched bed;
Up bore she long as she could bear,
Then sank at length all famished.
And now he binds her weary head,
Her throbbing temples pain her so;
And now the children cry for bread,
And parent's bitter tears do flow,
That twain of hearts, how deep their woe!

Another group are sat to dine,
Behold how greedily they eat;
Sure they have got a proud sirloin
Their hunger keen to satiate.
Nay, not one taste of butcher's meat,
That is a dish they seldom see;
Potatoes garnish every plate,
And if a herring there should be,
'Tis tasted as a luxury.

For supper, father, mother, child,
Are often forcéd to regale
Upon a mess of water boil'd,
And sprinkled with a little meal;
And if this homely pottage fail,
Call'd by the weavers "Creep o'er stile,"
All silent to their rest they steal,
And slumber until morning's smile
Awakes to further want and toil.

And being pinchéd thus for food,
How doth their winter clothing go?
Why gents and ladies who are good
Will give a cast-off thing or so,
But not to "Radicals," oh, no!
"They must not have encouragement,
They want our property, you know,
And to subvert the Government,
Such people never are content."

Oh! ye who live in wealth and state,
Deem not this colouring too high;
Nothing would I extenuate,
Nor yet attempt to magnify;
Nor is it possible that I
Could half the dire affliction show,
Imagination will supply,
If it with sympathy doth glow,
Omissions in this scene of woe.

Nor would I wound your feelings fine,
Dear ladies, I revere you well;
But ah, those eyes look most divine
When they with tender pity swell,
Then do not the poor soul repel
Who cometh shiv'ring to your hall,
For he will of your goodness tell,
And blessings on your bounty call,
Though his word-loyalty be small.

May He who rules the stormy blast,
That howls amid yon wintry sky,
Protect thee, even to the last,
Wife, sister of mine enemy,
Whom I defied, and still defy,
And though a Radical I be,
Whom they have hunted to destroy,
For all their wrongs to mine and me,
Lady, I would not injure thee.

MY WYNDER.

TUNE—"The rose tree in full bearing."

WHERE Gerrard's stream, with pearly gleam,
Runs down in gay meander,
A weaver boy, bereft of joy,
Upon a time did wander.
"Ah! well a day," the youth did say,
"I wish I did not mind her,
I'm sure had she regarded me,
I ne'er had lost my wynder.

Her ready hand was white as milk,
Her fingers finely moulded,
And when she touch'd a thread of silk,
Like magic it was folded.

She turn'd her wheel, she sang her song,
And sometimes I have join'd her,
Oh that one strain would wake again
From thee my lovely wynder.

And when the worsted hank she wound,
Her skill was further proved,
No thread uneven there was found,
Her bobbins never roved.
With sweet content, to work she went,
And looked not behind her,
With fretful eye for ills to spy;
But now I've lost my wynder.

And never would she let me wait
When downing on a Friday,
Her wheel went at a merry rate,
Her person always tidy.
But she is gone, and I'm alone,
I know not where to find her,
I've sought the hill, the wood and rill,
No tidings of my wynder.

I've sought her at the dawn of day,
I've sought her at the noonin',
I've sought her when the evening grey
Had brought the hollow moon in.
I've call'd her on the darkest night
With wizard spells to bind her,
And when the stars arose in light,
I've wander'd forth to find her.

Her hair was like the raven's plume
And hung in tresses bonny,
Her cheeks so fair did roses bear
That blush'd as sweet as ony.
With slender waist and carriage chaste,
Her looks were daily kinder,
I mourn and rave, and cannot weave
Since I have lost my wynder.

A VIEW FROM THE TANDLE HILLS,

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

THE eye of the morning is open wide,
And the sun comes up from the heaving tide
That rolls at the foot of his burning throne,
The girdle of regions that are not known;
And the bright clouds are lying all tranquilly,
Like islands of glory far away;
And the wan moon is hung in the deep abyss,
Like something lost from the realms of bliss;
She leans on her lurid and waning side,
As if she were seeking her face to hide

From the light intense, and the amber glare,
That flash from the God in the eastern air.

Over the earth as mine eye is cast,
The mists of the morning away have pass'd;
The moorlands dark and far are seen,
The pastures are mantled all in green;
The trees are adorn'd with spicy buds,
Like scattered gems on the sunbright woods;
Whilst down in the dell doth the rindle spring,
Glimmering dimly, and murmuring,
Where pebbles are dark and waters clear,
As a sloe black eye and a pearly tear;
And the woodbine is hung over that pale gleam,
And the green moss is creeping towards the stream,
And the tall oaks are up at the light of day,
And waving aloft where the winds do play.

And, lo! what a world is before me spread,
From the fringéd dell to the mountain head!
From the spangled turf, whereon I stand,
To the bend of heaven and the verge of land!
Like an ocean cradle deep it lies;—
To the right, to the left, dark hills arise,
And Blackstone-Edge, in his sunless pride,
Doth York from Lancaster divide;
Whilst, on to the south if away we bear,
Oh! what shall bar our progress there?
Nought, save the blending of earth and sky,
Dim, and afar as eternity!

But where the vision begins to fail
There seem to be hills of a cloudy pale,
And next is a track of level land,
As if rolléd flat by a mighty hand!
And the kindling smoke of a waking town,
And meadows' sheen and mosses brown,
And windows glittering in the light,
And a long canal like a streamlet bright,
And the park, once famed for bowmen's play,
And the lorldly dome of the noble Grey,
And the vale where Assheton dwelt of yore,
And the hall which Radcliffe knows no more!

What mountain is yonder so dark and cold?
A spirit hath said, "I am Oaphin of old,—[3]
I am Oaphin of old, erst the dwelling place
Of the British as well as the Roman race.
I have glens that are deep, I have moorlands wide,
Which I give to thy gaze on the Yorkshire side;
I have valleys all shining and waters dumb,
And caverns and rocks where thou darest not come.
I can point to the path which the Romans made—
To the forts where their summer camps have stay'd;
And altars and symbols are still to be seen,
The relics of nations that here have been—
That here have been, and that are no more—
For one is dust on the Adrian shore,
Of one doth a remnant alone remain,
In the land where their fathers held their reign.
Oh, daughter of Cambria! lone and fair,
With thine harp that is mute, and thy flowing hair,

And thy cheek so pale, and thy sad look cast
Whence freedom and glory for ever have past! *
It is but a cloud that is floating by—
Llewellyn's bright banner no more will fly!
It is not the shout of thine armed men,
Rushing with Glendower to battle again:
But from thine ocean that cannot abide,
Ariseth the roar of the ceaseless tide;
And, 'stead of the song of thy olden day,
Comes the moan of the winds as they hurry away!"

SONG FOR THE BRAVE.

TO COLONEL PEARD, HONOURABLY KNOWN AND GREATLY ESTEEMED IN BRITAIN AS "GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN," THIS "SONG OF THE BRAVE" IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

SAY what is the life of the brave?
A gift which his Maker hath given,
Lest nothing but tyrant and slave
Remain of mankind under Heaven.
And what is the life of the brave
When staked in the cause of his right?
'Tis but as a drop to a wave—
A trifle he values as light.

* It is to be hoped that Freedom and Glory have not passed for ever away from the descendants of the ancient Cymru. Their harps may be comparatively mute for a time, but the heroic glory of their past history is imperishable. The fame of heroes cannot die.

And what is the Death of the brave?
A loss which the good shall deplore;
His life unto freedom he gave,
And freemen behold him no more.
Tis the close of a glorious day,
'Tis the setting of yonder bright sun;
A summons that heralds the way,
To a heaven already begun!

And what is the Fame of the brave?
'Tis the halo which follows his day,
The noble examples he gave,
Remaining in splendid array!
The coward doth hopeless behold;
The wise and the good do admire;
But in the warm heart of the bold,
Awakens a nobler fire!

Then who would not live with the brave?
The wretch without virtue or worth.
And who would not die with the brave?
The coward that cumbers the earth.
And who shall partake with the brave
The fame which his valour hath won?
Oh, he that abides with the brave,
Till the battle of freedom is done!

THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF THE TRIAL AT YORK, IN 1820.

The red rose to the white rose
One day did greetings send;
With kindly salutation,
Addressing thus her friend;
My enemies are leagu'd around,
And sore they threaten me,
But justice surely will be found
When I appeal to thee.

The fences which in happier day
Secur'd me from all harm,
Are broken down, or torn away,
By many a ruffian arm;
And those who should have been at hand,
The violence to restrain;
Were join'd with the marauding band,
And now they share the gain.

They came not as the heroes came,
Who bore *thee* to the strife;
They came not as the heroes came,
Who stak'd for *me* their life;

For there the game went gallantly,
As might become the brave;
But this was coward cruelty,
When there were none to save.

My beauty and my sweetness,
Are drooping to decay;
For they have broken down my boughs,
And torn my buds away;
The slimy worm doth round me cling;
The filthy grub doth creep;
And whilst they are devouring,
How vainly do I weep.

And oft have I complained
To those who have the power;
To cause me reparation
For the ravage of my bower;
Foes have had much kindness shewn,
Whilst I had cold disdain;
They bared me to the blighting wind,
And to the frozen rain.

The white rose heard these tidings,
And bent her blossom fair,
Towards the rose of blushing red,
A friendship she did bear;
And grateful tears of fragrant dew,
Were in that moment shed,
When thus with kind affection
The white rose answered;

Come cheer thee up thou bonny flower,
For there are yet in store,
Full many a gowden summer day
When winter storms are o'er;
The reptile race that pester thee,
The fowls of air shall feed,
And thy dishonour'd enemy,
Shall suffer for his deed.

No more thy foes contriving,
Shall dare to treat thee so;
And all thy strength reviving,
In glory shalt thou grow;
For thine is but the cause of right,
Then leave it unto me,
And justice surely shall be done,
In thy extremity.

February 27, 1820.

THE PATRIOT'S HYMN.

O Thou Great Power Divine,
Wisdom and might are thine,
And majesty.
Hear thou thy people's cry,
Behold their misery,
Groaning in slavery,
Let man be free.

Emperors, and lords, and kings,
Gaudy and glittering things,
Unlov'd by thee.
If they but nod the head,
Armies are mustered,
Thousands to slaughter led,
For tyranny.

Gory is Europe's plain,
Whelmed beneath her slain,
Dreadful to see.
Bleeding promiscuously,
Victors and vanquish'd lie,
Mingled in butchery;
Let man be free.

See Britain's patriot band,
Guarding their native land,
From tyranny.
Rise, rise, thou God of might,
All her oppressors smite,
Sweep them to death and night.
Let man be free.

Blest be our native isle,
Heaven upon it smile,
Let it be free.
Sheath'd be the warrior's brand,
Love shall go hand in hand,
Triumphing o'er the land,
With liberty.

JULY, 1815.

THE PASS OF DEATH.[4]

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING, AND WITH REFERENCE TO THAT EVENT.

ANOTHER'S gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplex'd
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst Death is waiting there!"

But Time went forth and dragg'd them on,
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he!
And still they go, and still they go,
The slave, the lord, the king;
And disappear, like flakes of snow,
Before the sun of spring!

For Death stood in the path of Time,
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escap'd his hand,
So certain was his aim.

The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sank down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,
And in a moment fell;
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolléd into hell;
And Age stood trembling at the pass,
And would have turned again;
But Time said, "No, 'tis never so,
Thou canst not here remain."

The bride came in her wedding robe—
But that did nought avail;
Her ruby lips went cold and blue,
Her rosy cheek turn'd pale!
And some were hurried from the ball,
And some came from the play;
And some were eating to the last,
And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
And rais'd seditious cries;
But, being a "legitimate,"
Death quickly stopp'd their noise!
The father left his infant brood
Amid the world to weep;
The mother died whilst her babe
Lay smiling in its sleep!

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive;
But he drew his arrow to the head,
And left them not alive!
And some were plighting vows of love,
When their very hearts were torn;
And eyes that shone so bright at eve
Were closéd ere the morn!

And one had just attained to pow'r,
He wist not he should die;
Till the arrow smote his stream of life,
And left the cistern dry!—
Another's gone, and who comes next,
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplexed
Because this man hath died?

And still they come, and still they go,
And still there is no end,—
The hungry grave is yawning yet,
And who shall next descend?
Oh! shall it be a crownéd head,
Or one of noble line?
Or doth the slayer turn to smite
A life so frail as mine?

LINES,

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING THE EMPLOY OF MESSRS. HOLE, WILKINSON, AND GARTSIDE, MANCHESTER, JANUARY, 1813.

TOMORROW'S sun beholds me free,
Come night, and I no more will own
A master's high authority,
Nor bend beneath his angry frown;
But to my native woods and plains
I'll haste and join the rustic swains.

Gay printed fancies,* plates,* and chintz,*
No more with wonder shall I view,
Nor criticise the various tints
Of pink, or azure, green, or blue,
Save when I pluck the floweret sweet
That clasps my lonely wandering feet.

* Terms by which printed calicoes of certain styles were distingui hed.

THE CALL OF WALLACE.

Oh! come from the valley, Oh! come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again;
For a chief hath unfurléd his banner on high,
And the scourge of his country hath dar'd to defy!

Our lands are laid waste and our homes are destroy'd,
Whilst the ravaging Suthron is dwelling in pride;
Oh! gather, ye brave ones, in battle array,
And the storm of the carnage shall sweep him away!

What! shall this usurper be lord of our land,
Nor the sons of its heroes the tyrant withstand?
And shall it be said that a Scot ever bore
The chains which his fathers had spurnéd before?

Then come from the valley, and come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again;
We will rush like a whirlwind, or burst like a flood,
And the sun of his glory shall set in his blood!

A HEAD PIECE.

I'LL begin with her hair,—
It is comely and fair,
And the witch hath wrought her tresses
Into many a snare.

Like a rampart of snow,
Her forehead doth show;
And from her arched eyebrows,
I look down below.

And what do I see?
Oh! a bonny wick e'e;
In the language of heaven
It is speaking to me.

Next her nose doth arise,
Dividing her eyes;
'Tis just what a nose should be,
In form and in size.

And the lily so meek
May be found on her cheek;
And the blush of the rosebud,
It hath not to seek.

That posy is sweet,
Its beauty complete,
Where the rose and the lily fair
Together do meet.

I cannot o'erskip
Her bonny red lip,
All hung with melting kisses,
For her true love to sip.

And though it is a sin,
I must worship her chin,
For its little bonny dimple,
Sure a blessing to win.

To finish my dear,
Let me peep at her ear;
Ah! the lock and the gowden ring
Are revelling there.

HABAKKUK HYDE.

I once did reside
Near one Habakkuk Hyde,
The drollest of mortals it can't be denied;
A dandy was Hyde,
And a doctor beside,
And his greatest amusement a pony to ride.

Now beggarly pride,
It can't be denied,
Will lead the poor beggar to hell, if he'll ride;

And though Mister Hyde
So often had tried,
A nag like the present he'd ne'er been astride.

One day, muttered Hyde,
I cannot abide
To stand doing nothing, I'll e'en take a ride;
His nag he espied,
And soon got astride,
And off at a canter went Habakkuk Hyde.

His tit was wall-eyed,
It limp'd on one side,
It soon began roaring for Habakkuk Hyde;
Oh! music, said Hyde,
And a song too beside,
And all for five shillings, rare Habakkuk Hyde.

As on he did ride
A ditch he espied,
And straightway to leap it went pony and Hyde;
But Rossinante shied,
And straight sprung aside,
And into the gutter roll'd Habakkuk Hyde.

A Paddy espied
The misfortune of Hyde,
And dragg'd him to land, or the doctor had died;
Oh, jewel! he cried,
You must mind how you ride,
Or, faith, you'll be smother'd, sweet Habakkuk Hyde.

THE LABOURER'S ORISON AT SUN-RISE.

WRITTEN WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CORN LAWS, AND THE GENERAL CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES AT THAT TIME.

How pure the air, how sweet the breeze!
The dewy grass how vernal!
What being hath created these
But Thou, the great Eternal!
A world of goodness spreads around,
A heaven above doth bless me;
But man the foe of man is found,
And laws unjust oppress me!

I gird me for another day
Of labour unrequited;
My Father and my Deity!
When shall these wrongs be righted?
Oh! stretch Thine hand out o'er this land,
A strong, a just redresser,
And bid the prostrate poor upstand,
And humble the oppressor!

We ask Thee for our daily bread,
Our feeble lives to cherish;
And lo! a bounteous feast is spread,
That none for lack may perish.

But king and statesman, peer and priest,
Whom guile hath made the stronger,
Have driven Thy people from the feast,
Condemn'd to toil and hunger!

Oh, Lord! how long shall this prevail?
How long Thy judgments linger?
Our little ones for bread do wail,
Their mothers faint of hunger.
Afar we stand, a gloomy band,
Our worth, our wants neglected,
The children in their father-land
Cut off, despis'd, rejected!

"Oh, Lord! how long," the myriads pray,
"How long this sore despisement?"
"There is no God," the oppressors say,
"To deal us out chastisement."
But know, ye proud, ye sordid crowd,
A storm shall yet o'ertake you,
When God's right hand moves o'er the land,
Like wither'd stems to break you!

To humble your obdúrate pride,
To ope your sealéd garners,
Rough-shod, a mighty cause shall ride
O'er your uplifted scorners;
And change you like the feather'd snow,
The melting sun hung o'er it;
And whirl you as the wind doth blow
The desert dust before it!

WRITTEN AT FARLEY, 1828.

It was the dusk of as fine an evening as ever closed. The ten thousand pines that crowded in dark array from the brook to the hill-top were motionless; the mist came like a smoke from the valleys, and

The broad red sun went deeply down,
And night came up amain,
As if the world's wide day were lost,
Ne'er to return again.

LONDON, FARE THEE WELL. [5]

Sunny light is breaking
Over dale and hill;
Nature is awaking
From her slumber chill:
Winds that blow around us
Whisper softly bland,
While the streams that bound us
Murmur through the land.

Should I for the city
 Leave the vocal dell?
'Twere indeed a pity—
 London, fare thee well!
Whilst my heart's contented,
 Let it so remain;
Luxuries unwanted
 I can yet disdain;
And, should I be gazing
 At your ladies fair,
Might not such amazing
 Beauty cause despair?
Rather would I meet one
 Lonely in the dell,
And steal a kiss, a sweet one,—
 London, fare thee well!
Come, ye days of pleasure;
 Come, ye rosy hours;
Bring mine hidden treasure
 From her inmost bowers;
With her melting kisses
 At the burning noon;
With her deeper blisses
 'Neath the clouded moon;
Waters are the sweetest
 Taken at the well;
Love is ever greatest
 When there's none to tell.

THE WARRIOR'S ODE TO DEATH.

Come not to me on a bed
Of pale-faced sickness and of pining;
Oh, clasp me close on the battle-field red,
Midst warrior's shouts, and armour shining!
Let me not have priest nor bell,
Sable pomp, nor voice of wailing;
The roar of the cannon shall be my knell,
And tears with thee are unavailing.
Then clasp me close in the hottest strife,
Where the cut, and the stab, and the shot are rife!

May I fall on some great day,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er me!
Live but to shout for the victory,
And see the rout roll on before me,
And tyrants, from their greatness torn,
Beneath the scourge of justice smarting,
And gaze on Freedom's glorious morn,
My soul to cheer before departing!
Oh, then my life might melt away,
In visions bright of liberty!

TO SAMUEL BAMFORD,

PRISONER IN LINCOLN CASTLE, FOR HAVING LED A NUMBER OF HIS FELLOW TOWNSMEN TO THE MEETING AT MANCHESTER, ON THE SIXTEENTH OF AUGUST, 1819.

BAMFORD, an unknown friend would bring,
The best he can, his offering
Of humble verse to thee;
And sure a tribute is thy due,
From all who ever loved or knew
The MUSE and LIBERTY!

My purpose is not to condole
With thee; I know thy noble soul
Condoling strains would scorn.
A lot like thine I rather deem
Of 'gratulation is a theme,
For Freedom's sake when borne.

'Tis glorious, in a cause like her's,
To rank among the sufferers;
More glorious than to be
A mighty nation's conqueror,
Or the imperious arbiter
Of a world's destiny.

And none who hath a freeman's heart,
Who loves to act a freeman's part,
Would change his dungeon, where

No ray, save innocence, hath shone,
For all the splendours of a throne
Which guilt hath help'd to rear.

The PATRIOT, torn by tyranny
From every best and dearest tie,
From kindred, child, and wife;
From all the objects of his love,
Whose smiles could make an Eden of
This barren wild of life;

Possesses, in the holy thought,
His country's were the ends he sought,
Support and peace divine;
And feels within an happiness,
Which none, who know not, can express—
And BAMFORD, these are thine!

And thine to know that in the time
Of freedom's triumphing, sublime,[6]
Thy wrongs will ever prove
The seal of TRUTH upon thy claim
To that imperishable fame
Which HIGH-SOUL'D PATRIOTS love!

The GOD of JUSTICE grant it may
Be thine to see, to sing that day,
Magnificent and grand,
And thine to write the funeral song
Of the base tyranny which long
Hath cursed our native land!

H.

MANCHESTER, June 5th, 1820.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO H———,

IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

WHAT bard unknown hath deign'd to bring
To such as me an offering
Of verse, which might not shame
The sweetest lyre, the proudest lay,
That ever wak'd its minstrelsy
To liberty or fame?

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, I know
Thy soul hath felt that holy glow
Of patriotic fire,
Which, burning ever bright and pure,
Shall to the end of time endure,
When all things shall expire.

Ah, why till now hath not been heard
Expression of thy kindly word?
How glad should I have been
To stray with thee o'er field and flower,
To moorland high, or to the bower
Of shady woodland green!

Or where the breezes softly rise
In whispers and in gentle sighs,
Beside that streamlet clear;

Where in the twilight I have known
The lovelorn beauty steal alone,
To meet her youth full dear.

We could have pluck'd each flower that grows,
The violet and the bonny rose
Which blossoms on the brier;
And I had listened whilst thou sung—
For my hoarse pipe had tuneless hung
If thou hadst touched thy lyre.

But time and tide rolled swift away,
And they will usher in a day
When I may sure be free
To rest me at my long lost home,
Where, if thou condescend to come,
Most welcome shalt thou be.

Thou sayest right, 'tis not for me
To mourn beneath the tyranny
Which holds me in a chain;
No! though awhile its power I brook,
Mine heart can feel, mine eye can look,
Defiance and disdain!

I would not change my iron bed
For all the downy couches spread
Around corruption's throne;
Nor would I give my prison fare
For all the delicacies rare
Which pampered wealth doth own.

And why indeed, should I repine?
The crown as well as cross is mine;
And if the crown I claim,
It must not be when comes the day
Which dealeth out adversity,
That I should shun the same.

Nor do I feel of aught the want
That conscious innocence can grant;
For she is ever nigh,
With healing in her lily wing,
Dispelling care and sorrowing,
And giving peace and joy.

There was an eye that pour'd the tear,
And every drop was doubly dear;
And there was one beside,
The little nestling of my heart,
It clung to me and would not part,
Nor yet be pacified.

I heard it cry, I saw them weep,
Oh, how did I my full heart keep,
Amid the agony!
I gave them to that God on high,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And to my country.

And though, perhaps, their tears are dried,
Yet they have deeply ratified
My wrongs and injuries;

For which I know there is in store,
Vengeance a hundred-fold or more,
Upon mine enemies.

Oh, let them in their darkness sleep,
Whilst hell doth from her ambush creep
To snatch her mighty prize—
The pimp of power, the venal slave,
The trickster-playing fool and knave,
And all their host of spies.

Then, bloated pride shall bite the dust;
Oppression, cruelty, and lust,
Shall rule the land no more!
And they who slew may look about,
For there perhaps may be a rout
To pay for one before!

THE SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

TUNE.—"Sicilian Mariner's Hymn."

PARENT of the wide creation,
We would counsel ask of Thee;
Look upon a mighty nation,
Rousing from its slavery.

If to men our wrongs are stated,
We are but the faster bound,
All our actions reprobated,
No redress for us is found.

Thou hast made us to inherit
Strength of body, daring mind;
Shall we rise, and in thy spirit
Tear away the chains that bind?

Chains, but forgéd to degrade us,
Oh, the base indignity!
In the name of Him who made us,
We will perish, or be free.

TO JEMIMA.

How happy may we be, my love!
How happy may we be,
If we our humble means improve,
My wife, my child, and me.
Our home shall be a turtle's nest,
Where duty, peace, and love,
Shall make its inmates truly blest,
And sorrow far remove.

And if the world upon us frown,
Still peace serene is ours;
It cannot bear the free mind down,
With all its tyrant powers:
For if they bear me far away,
And bind me with a chain,
Our nestling will beside thee stay—
Then do not, love, complain.

But virtue only can endow
With happiness secure;
For virtue learns her vot'ries how
Each trial to endure.
How wretched is the feeble mind
That shrinks at every blast!
Whilst virtue is a bulwark kind,
Enduring to the last.

There fortified, the storms of fate
Around us harmless howl;
No coward terrors they create
To shake the steadfast soul:
We calmly pass through life, my love,
Its blessings we enjoy;
And, when it please the Power above,
Without a murmur die.

THE WILD RIDER.[6]

A LEGENDARY TALE.

PART FIRST.

Now, unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And the gallant young knight he soon heard of the same,
That a gentle fair damsel had passéd that morn,
And was gone up a-hunting with hound and with horn;
"And oh!" said Sir Ashton, "if that be the case,
Methinks I would fain join the maid in the chase,
And so, bid my groom-boy, withouten delay,
Bring forth my white hunter,—I'll ride him to-day."

And soon his white hunter was led to the gate,
Where, neighing and pacing, he scarcely would wait;
He champ'd the steel bits, and he flung his head high,
As if he would fain snuff the air of the sky,
And wist not to breathe the low wind of the plain,
Which spread, like a white cloud, his tail and his mane:
"And oh!" thought the knight, as he view'd him with pride,
"The game shall be love when my Arab I ride!"

The knight he rode west, over Blakeley's high land,
But tidings he heard not of maid or her band;
The knight he rode east, t'wards the uprising sun,
But the broad heaths of Moston lay silent and dun;
And then he sped north, but she did not appear;
The cry of the hunter came not to his ear,
Till o'er lonely Syddall awoke a fair strain,
And he rode till he join'd the fair maid and her train.

And who was the maiden, that, plumed so gay,
Went forth with the hounds and good hunters that day?
And why did the damsel make slight of all heed,
Or whither she went with her hound and her steed?
And why reck'd she little of all that gay band,
But still cast her long-looking gaze o'er the land?
And smil'd not, though often she turned and sigh'd,
Till a snowy white courser afar she espied?

Sweet Mary, twin rose of the Asshéton line,
Was she who came forth like a Dian divine;
And often the knight and the damsel, of late,
Had met at the hunting, through love or through fate;
And now she bade welcome, with maidenly pride—
The knight wav'd his hand, and rode on by her side;
But ere the old woodlands of Bowlee were cross'd,
Both knight and fair maid to the hunters were lost.

For there, whilst the chase hurries on like the wind,
The twain of young lovers have tarried behind;
And leaving their steeds, the deep woodlands they pace,
His arm round the maid, and his looks on her face;

He whispers sweet words from his heart's inmost core,
He would love her through life, and through death,—
could he more?
And fondly, in tears, she emplighteth her vow,
"In life and in death, I'll be faithful as thou!"

PART SECOND.

Now, unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And soon was the knight made aware of the same,
That Mary, his loved one, was held in deep thrall,
Close bolted and barr'd, down at Middleton hall;
And that her old father had sworn by his life,
His daughter should ne'er to Sir Ashton be wife;
And that one Sir Morden,* a knight from south-land,
Had come down to claim Lady Mary's fair hand.

Oh! woe unto true-love, when kindred severe
Would stifle affection, and chill its warm tear!
And woe unto true-love, when trials come fast,
And friendship is found but a shadow at last!
And woe to the heart that is reft of its own,
And bidden to languish in sorrow alone!
But woe beyond weeping is that when we prove,
That one we lov'd dearly hath ceaséd to love!

* This is a misnomer, as the monument of the last of the Asshetons in Middleton church testifies. The name should be Harbord.

Thus mournful the fate of the maid did appear;
Her sire, though he lov'd her, was stern and austere,
And friends who came round her, when bright was
her day,
Were silent, or doubtful, or kept quite away.
But Hope, like an angel, bright visions still drew,
And pictured her knight ever constant and true,
Till one came and told her he'd ta'en him a bride;—
Her young heart then wither'd, her tears were all dried.

How sweet is the music of wedding-day bells,
On sunny-bright uplands, and down the green dells;
All gaily melodious it comes in the air,
As if undying pleasure were carolling there;
Like golden-wing'd seraphs all broken astray,
And playing on cymbals for bright holiday!
E'en such was the music one gay morning time,
Which bells of Saint Leonard's did merrily chime.

And why rang Saint Leonard's that merry-mad tune?
And why was the church path with flowers bestrewn?
And who was that marble-pale beauty that mov'd
As nothing she hop'd for, and nothing she lov'd—
Who gave her white hand, but 'twas clammy and cold,
Who sigh'd when she look'd on her ring of bright gold?
Oh Mary! lost Mary! where now is thy vow,
"In life and in death, I'll be faithful as thou?"

PART THIRD.

In a ruinous cottage at Cambeshire barn,
An old wither'd crone sat unravelling yarn;
A few heapéd embers lay dusty and white,
A lamp, green and fetid, cast ominous light;
A cat strangely barked as it hutch'd by the hob;
A broody hen crow'd from her perch on a cob;
The lamp it burn'd pale, and the lamp it burn'd blue,
And fearfully ghast was the light which it threw.

"And who cometh here?" said the mumbling old crone,
"And why comes a gentleman riding alone?
And why doth he wander areawt* such a night,
When the moon is gone down, and the stars not alight;
When those are abroad would stab a lost child,
And the wind comes up muttering fearful and wild,
And the hen 'gins to crow, and the dog 'gins to mew,
And my grave-fatted lamp glimmers dimly and blue?"

When the dog 'gins to mew, and the cat 'gins to bark,
And yon musty old skull snaps its teeth in the dark,
And the toad and the urchin crawl in from the moor,
And the frightful black adder creeps under the door,
And the hapless self-murder'd that died in her sin,
Comes haunting the house with her dolorous din,

*Areawt—out of doors—abroad.

And stands in the nook like an image of clay,
With the sad look she wore when her life pass'd away.

A knocking was heard at the old hovel door,
And forth stepp'd a dark muffled man on the floor;
He threw back his mantle of many a fold,
And crossed the wan palm of the sybil with gold.
"Now, Sir Knight of Alkrington, what wouldst thou know,
That, seeking my home, thou entreatest me so?
The world-sweeping mower thy heart-wound must cure;
But she who lies mourning hath more to endure;

"But, warning I give thee, a sign from afar—
There's a cloud on thy sun, there's a spot on thy star.
Go, climb the wild mountain, or toil on the plain,
Or be outcast on land, or be wrecked on the main;
Or seek the red battle and dare the death wound,
Or mine after treasure a mile under ground;
But sleeping or waking, on ocean or strand,
Thy life is prolong'd, if thou hold thine own hand."

What further was said 'twixt the knight and the crone
Was never repeated, and never was known;
But when he came forth, to remount him again,
One, fearful and dark, held his stirrup and rein—
His horse terror-shaking, stood covered with foam,
It ran with him miles ere he turn'd it t'wards home;
The grey morning broke, and the battle cock crew,
Ere the lorn hearted knight to his chamber withdrew.

PART FOURTH.

And who hath not heard how the knight from that day,
Was altered in look, and unwont in his way;
And how he sought wonders of every form,
And things of all lands, from a gem to a worm;
And how he divided his father's domain,
And sold many parts to the purchaser's gain;
And how his poor neighbours with pity were sad;
And said, good Sir Ashton, through love, was gone mad?

But, strangest of all, on that woe-wedding night,
A black horse was stabled where erst stood the white;
The grooms, when they found him, in terror quick fled,
His breath was hot smoke, and his eyes burning red;
He beat down a strong wall of mortar and crag,
He tore his oak stall as a dog would a rag,
And no one durst put forth a hand near that steed
Till a priest had read ave, and pater, and creed.

And then he came forth, the strange beautiful thing,
With speed that could lead a wild eagle on wing;
And raven had never spread plume on the air
Whose lustreful darkness with his might compare.
He bore the young Ashton—none else could him ride—
O'er flood and o'er fell, and o'er quarry-pit wide;

The housewife, she blessed her, and held fast her child,
And the men swore both horse and his rider were wild!

And then, when the knight to the hunting field came,
He rode as he sought rather death than his game;
He halloo'd through woods where he'd wander'd of yore,
But the lost Lady Mary he never saw more!
And no one durst ride in the track where he led,
So fearful his leaps, and so madly he sped;
And in his wild phrensy he gallop'd one day
Down the church steps at Rochdale, and up the same way.

THE WANDERER'S SONG ON MACCLESFIELD FOREST, 1828.

WHERE is now my home, my home?
Where is now my home?
'Tis nowhere, and 'tis everywhere,
As o'er the world I roam.
'Tis on the cold and cloudy hill—
'Tis in the noiseless dell;
A reckless wight for once may sleep
In either place full well.

I care not who's my company,
Or be they high or low;
If they be rough, why I am rough,
If they be smooth, I'm so.
I take my bed where'er 'tis spread,
In country or in town;
Though I love to be at the hostelrie,
When night comes stealing down.

THE LANDOWNER.

TUNE—"There was a Jolly Miller Man."

THERE was a famous landowner
In Inglondshire, d'ye see,
He was a "graidly gentleman,"
A jolly old buck was he;
And thus he sang where'er he sung,
And sing full oft would he;
I care for nobody, no not I,
Though many have care for me.

My cattle roam a thousand hills,
For miles of land are mine;
My valleys, with their teeming rills,
Yield butter, corn, and wine;

The fish, the game, I also claim;
I'll have them too, by G.
I care for nobody, no not I,
Though many have care for me.

I made a law, withouten flaw,
My farmers to protect;
For I had been a fool I ween,
My rentage to neglect;
So all was right, and snug, and tight,
As my affairs should be;
I care for nobody, no not I,
Though many have care for me.

One son commands a regiment,
Another hath a See;
My daughter to the palace went,
A pension soon had she;
To leave behind good things we find,
Is sin of high degree;
I'll sin for nobody, no not I,
Whoever may sin for me.

'Tis thus, the army's on my side,
The church's prayers are mine;
With one I drink, at tother wink,
When pottle deep in wine;
And whilst we sing God save the King,
Or Queen, when Queen there be,
I care for nobody, no not I,
Though many have care for me.

TIM BOBBIN' GRAVE. [7]

I stoode beside Tim Bobbin' grave
'At looks o'er Ratchda' teawn;
An' th' owd lad 'woke within his yerth,
An' sed, "Wheer arto' beawn?"

"Awm gooin' into th' Packer-street,
As far as th' Gowden Bell,
To taste o' Daniel's Kesmus ale."
TIM.—"I cud like o saup mysel'."

"An' by this hont o' my reet arm,
If fro' that hole theaw'll reawk,
Theaw'st have o saup o'th' best breawn ale
'At ever lips did seawk."

The greawnd it sturr'd beneath my feet,
An' then I yerd o groan;
He shook the dust fro' off his skull,
An' rowlt away the stone.

I brought him op o deep breawn jug,
'At o gallon did contain;
An' he took it at one blessed draught,
An' laid him deawn again!

THE WEAVER BOY.

"Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay!
And deign to lend an ear;
Fair lady, seekest thou thy love?
Thy truest love is here."
"And how dost thou presume to love,"
The lady gay replied,
"A maid so much thy rank above,
Both rich and dignified?
Hence, simple boy, and learn to know
That ladies do not look so low."

"Oh stay, oh stay, thou lady gay!"
With tears the youth did cry;
And the gentle maid once more hath stay'd
Before the pleading boy.
"My station thou art far above,
That truth too well I know,
Since thou hast bought my work of love,
And yet contemn'st me so."
And how is that, the maid did say,
"Speak, for I can no longer stay?"

"Fair lady, as at work I sat,
And wrought that garment fine,
A winged child, who lisp'd and smil'd,
Foretold it should be thine;
He took a fibre from my heart,
And trac'd that pattern dear,
And dy'd it with my love-warm blood,
And wash'd it with my tear!"
With melting eye the maid did say,
"Take comfort till another day."

LAMENT FOR MY DAUGHTER.

My angel child! my angel child!
Gentle, affectionate, and mild;
Her arms around my neck she coil'd,
And look'd, and wept, my angel child!

She wept that we so soon must part;
She knew that death was near her heart.
We were but three, O, God above!
Couldst Thou not spare that group of love?

Oh, mournful hour! oh, anguish deep!
She, weeping, bade me not to weep;
And meekly in her tears she smil'd,
Like sunbeam cast on ruin wild.

Sweet flowers unto her grave I bring,
To bloom, to die, in early spring;
All pure, and beautiful, and mild,
Like my lost dove, my angel child!

HER EPITAPH.

To the gentle and blest,
Who hath come to her rest,
An offering meet
In season appears;
All beautiful and sweet,
Flowers, nursed in tears.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, AND BY SOME CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED THEREWITH.

I saw the sun go down—
And in that dark'ning time,
From earth to sky uprose the cry
Of many a tongue and clime.
By Valtos, where Botzaris fell,
The mailed freeman stood and cried
Until his fount of tears was dried:
And Britain, too, could tell

How she had gloried in that day,
How mournéd when it pass'd away!
And, as I looked again, behold
A fearful sight advance!
For up there came the cold, cold moon,
That dream'd not of a night so soon.
I mark'd her placid glance;
Serenely still she kept her sky,
Her head unbowed, her tearless eye
Betray'd a mien that might not move
At death, or agony, or love—
And curl'd around her crested horn,
I saw a snake of fire,
Which utter'd words of bitter scorn;
Interminable ire
Dwelt on the tongue of that strange thing,
That round and round the moon did cling!
Of broken vows, of pride that bled,
The scorching reptile ever spoke;
Anon, it toss'd its scaly head,
That flash'd as if the lightning broke!
When cruel words and passions woke
It nurs'd the flame, and kept it burning;
To love, to duty, no returning
Was ever known;—no sigh, no tear,
Hath stray'd from that unmelting sphere!

The present race of men shall die,
Before another sun
Arise so bright, or soar so high,
As, lost one, thou hast done!

The priest is laughing 'neath his robe,
The tyrant on his throne;
In hollow phrase they dole forth praise
Far better let alone.
The press, which "should as air be free,"
Doth speak in guarded words of thee;
Whilst bigotry and power do stand
In dark conjunction o'er the land!

SONG OF THE POLISH ARMY ON ITS RETREAT FROM WARSAW.

We meet at the home of our fathers no more,
But leave it all red with the Muscovites' gore!
They came like the hunger-press'd wolf to his prey,
Who cannot, who will not, be turnéd away.
They came like the waves of the deluging main,
Their living surmounting their masses of slain;
And onward, and onward, they bore to the strife,
To the gushing of blood, to the gasping of life;
Till ramparts were pil'd of the thousands we slew,
And blood cometh o'er us in rain and in dew,
And corses are feeding the fowls of the air,
At the banquet of death, on the field of despair!

Oh, home of our fathers! the noble and brave
Can never lie down in the lair of the slave;
And thou art defiled by a barbarous horde
Who know not a will save the will of their lord;
Who rise at his bidding the lands to oppress,
Who come at his calling the bless'd to unbless;
Who, howling and wild from their deserts afar,
Bring famine and pestilence unto the war—
Gaunt famine subduing the soul and the breath,
Wan pestilence bending our heroes to death!
Who dar'd and endur'd, without murmur or sigh,
Though nations stood silent and motionless by!

Lost home of our fathers! we bid thee adieu—
To freedom and glory our hearts being true;
Nor yet we abandon the land we adore—
A battle is lost, but the war is not o'er.
When myriads surround and approach to devour,
Our combat we hurl from the fortress and tower;
And there from a thousand loud cannons we cry,
"Come die at the feet of the free, come and die!
Come on with your phalanx, wild horseman and spear,
The sons of Sarmatia are rallying here;
Your parley we scorn, and your wrath we defy,
Come die with the free and the brave, come and die!"

THE POET'S CONSOLEMENT OF HIS WIFE IN ADVERSITY.

Now to the wilderness away!
 Belovéd, come with me;
Since yon base lord hath ta'en our home,
 And we are bare and free:
For I have found a little nest
 To shelter thee and me;
Love, I have found a place of rest,
 And let us thither flee.

What, though our bed be not of down—
 Though moss and fern it be,
Shorn by the steep of Tandle side,
 Where the wind blows sweet and free;
The rest of peace, and healthful sleep,
 Shall comfort thee and me:
Then stay not love, to gaze and weep,
 But come and happy be.

What, though our pillow be not down—
 Though heather flowers it be,
Shorn by the steep of Gerrard's side,
 Where the rill glents bonnilie;

Thy dreams by night shall be as bright
As good wife dame doth see :
Love, take thy rest upon my breast,
Which beats so true for thee.

I'll bring thee sweet milk from the cow,
And butter from the churn,
And fuel from the dingle shaw,
And water from the burn ;
And thou shalt be so happy there,
Thou never wilt return :
Love, thou shalt be so happy there,
Thou wilt forget to mourn.

We've seen the world, we've known the world,
Its frown, its promise fair—
Its vanities of vanity,
Its pleasure and its care ;
The strife for life, the death-woe rife,
The hope against despair,
The loss, the gain ; oh ! why remain ?
Our lost one is not there !

Then come, my wife, my only love,
Bright hours are yet unflown ;
Come home unto the solitudes,
Afar from tower and town.
Like birds we have been wandering,
Where storms have rudely blown ;
Now let us rest our weary wing,
Before the sun goes down.

PENARFON.

TUNE.—"Y' Cadlees;" "The Camp of the Palace;" or, "Of what a Noble Race was Shenkin!"

AWAKE the voice of Arfon's praise—
Penarfon, son of ancient days!
Descending from the depth of Time,
Behold Penarfon's race sublime!
Proclaim their deeds;—they come! they come!
In glory o'er the clouded tomb;
For though in death their ashes lie,
The fame of heroes cannot die.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And give his fame to other days!
When strangers came our land to spoil,
Penarfon, where was he the while?
Oh! where was he?—where should he be?
Amid his dying foes was he!
Penarfon's scythe the field did sweep,
Penarfon's sword the ground did keep.

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And let his wisdom have our lays!
When the rude spoilers he had spoil'd,
Penarfon as a dove was mild;

And where he dwelt was safety felt,
And even justice forth he dealt.
Shall happy days like Arfon's reign,
To Cymru e'er return again?

Awake the voice of Arfon's praise,
And let his bounty have our lays!
To feast within his banquet hall,
His bards and warriors he would call;
And there they drank the honey wine,
And there was sung the lay divine.
But song of bard, and freedom's host,
Oh, Cymru! * are thy glories lost?

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

AUTUMN blithe is come again,
With her brown and merry train;
I caught a sweet glance of her face—
With a sickle in her hand,
She came o'er the gowden land,
And reapers came shearing apace.

Low they bend as they step,
And they hook and they grip,
Cut and carry with hook and with hand;

* Pronounced Kumry.

Merry gleaners sing behind,
Sweet as viol of the wind,
For the poor still have joy in the land.

"Blesséd one is he who leaves
By his furrows and his sheaves,
A handful to comfort the poor;
Winter thorough shall he rest,
With his harvest hous'd and bless'd,
Not a wail shall be heard at his door."

Now the cherry-lipped maid
Unto orchard bower hath stray'd,
Where the plums are all dropping adown;
And the apple, bright as gold,
On the soft green sward hath roll'd,
And the sweet pear so melting and brown.

Bonny Bess and rosy Kate
Are gone down through the gate,
Twain fairer are seldom afield;
And with each a handy fork,
They set cheerfully to work
At the drills which the pótatoes yield.

There's Red-farmer, dusty sweep,
(That's a famous sort to keep),
And Pink Eye, and rough-coated Rad,
Food for ladyship or Queen,
Bacon slice, or beef between,
And a jack of good ale let them add.

Now the carrots should be dug,
Up with turnips by the lug,
And earth them withouten delay;
Whate'er weather then betide,
We can shelter or abide,
And let Winter come on as he may.

Hark! the old ruffian's shout,
Leading storm and wassail rout,—
Maiden Frost stepping crisply before,
Strewing hoar on fallen leaves,
Painting windows under eaves,
Warning Autumn to linger no more.

Fuel stack is huge and round,
Cottage roof is thatch'd and bound;
There are brown ale and bread on the board.
Winter! bring thy wassail band,
Clog on foot, and glove on hand,
Hearty welcome art thou as a lord!

MORISA.

Ah me! that Morisa I never had seen,
The fairest of mortals, of beauty the queen!
I'd then remain'd free as the bird in the air,
But now I am held in the bonds of despair;
And the chains of her thraldom I cannot resign,
Though I know that Morisa must never be mine.

The eye of Morisa doth pierce like a dart;
I caught but a glance and it wounded my heart;
The throb of my bosom is bleeding away;
My morning is darken'd before it be day;
Would she look on her victim with mercy benign,
I could die for Morisa and never repine!

Morisa the beauty, I saw her sweet smile;
That look might an angel from heaven beguile;
A radiant loveliness beam'd in her face,
Expressive of dignity, goodness, and grace;
I then became captive and did not repine,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine!

Morisa the lovely, I once heard her sigh;
There was thought on her brow, and a tear in her eye;
The spirit of sadness a shadow had thrown
Where the sun-light of beauty so lately had shone;
But the sigh of her soul had a fragrance divine;
It was meant for another—it could not be mine!

She is fair as the snow that on Alphian lies;
She is pure as the ether of heaven's own skies;
She is modest as innocent beauty can be,
And chaste as the white-bosom'd maid of the sea,
To bow and adore her I could not decline,
Though I knew that Morisa must never be mine!

BRANDRETH'S SOLILOQUY IN PRISON.[8]

I MUST die—but not like a slave
To his tyrant in penitence bending;
I shall die like an Englishman brave,
I have liv'd so, and so be my ending!

I must die—and my doom is my pride;
The death that awaits me is welcome;
The dæmon's last pang is defied,
But a day of deep vengeance there shall come.

How shall my blood-shedders repent,
When the nation's hot wrath is out pouréd!
The freed world will hail the event,
And the pride of its despots be loweréd.

They shall howl like the yell of the storm;
They shall flee like the deer-herd affrighted;
They shall, weeping, lie down with the worm:
They shall pray, and their prayers shall be slighted:

Whilst vengeance, and guilt, and dismay,
Their blood-scented footsteps pursuing,
Shall chase ev'ery comfort away,
And leave but affliction and ruin!

Their children shall then be like mine,
No father's fond arm to protect them;
Their ladies in sorrow may pine,
For none will be found to respect them.

What wealth would they freely give then,
For the sleep that I soon shall be sleeping!
To never feel sorrow again—
To know not its watching and weeping!

What wealth would they freely give then
For the grave that poor Brandreth will cover;
To hide from the hatred of men,
From the terrors which fearfully hover!

And what is the gem they would give
For that conscience this firm heart supporting;
That when they no longer could live,
They might die with a Brandreth's comporting!

But conscience can never be bought,
Courage can never be sold:
The villain will die as he ought;
The good man may always be bold!

LINES,

WRITTEN OCT. 15, 1836, BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY DAUGHTER'S DECEASE, AND TWO YEARS AFTER THAT EVENT.

Dark is the day,
Dun twilight only wakes upon the hill;
Pale is the ray
Of sunbeam slanting through the wind-gust chill;
Dim comes the morn,
Cloud-bound and gloomy hangs the brow of noon;
Evening, down-borne,
Brings o'er us darkness vast,—no star, no moon!

Hark! to yon sound
By gleam-lit clough, shorn slope, and dusky plain;
The winds unbound,
Like unseen hunters, hurry past again.
Hark! to their moan,
Like note of deep-mouth'd hound, afar away;
Now wilder tone
Is heard,—shrill cry, and wailing of dismay!

Cold is the air—
The burden'd clouds are bow'd with chilly rain;
Hedges are bare,
cheerless birds from notes of joy refrain.

The giant stems,
Storm-swept, are waving in the wintry sky;
Their summer gems
Lie strewn and perishing where mine doth lie.

The dearest gem
That e'er was treasur'd near a parent's heart;
Too pure a gem
For human life, to heaven she must depart!
Oh! child of love,
Let us behold thee, earth-ward if thou stray!
Come from above
On radiant wing, come in thy bright array!

Oh! blessed one,
Could we behold thee even as thou wert,
Call thee our own,
And press our angel unto mortal heart!
Then would these tears
Which oft have flowéd since thy dying hour,
Dark months and years,
Be stay'd,—thou still would'st have that soothing pow'r!

HOURS IN THE BOWERS.

Hours more dear than drops of gold
Come when the tender buds unfold;
Then do I wander to field and glen,
Far as I may for the gentlemen.
Over the blade of em'rald sheen.
Over the herb that creeps between;
Odours inhaling that sweetly smell,
As I gather the cresses beside the well.

Spring moves on as glad I gaze,
Calling the flowers wherever she strays:
"Come from the earth, ye dwellers there,
To the blesséd light and the living air;
For the snowdrop hath warnéd the drift away,
And the crocus awaiteth your company,
And the bud of the thorn is beginning to swell,
And the waters have broken their bonds in the dell.
And are not the hazle and slender bine
Blending their boughs where the sun doth shine?
And the willow is bringing its downy palm,
Garland for days that are bright and calm;
And the lady-flow'r waves on its slender stem,
And the primrose peeps like a starry gem?"

In sunny nook, where the grass is dry,
Reading I sit, or I musing lie.
Then he [9] who was lost in the ocean main,
Returneth perhaps to my thoughts again;
Or the twain who fell [10] for that "right divine,"
Which hath fully been prov'd in the battle-line;
Or the noble bard too soon who died,
Too late for wounded love and pride;
Or Burns, who only ask'd for bread,
And hath gotten a marble tomb instead!
Or, casting a thought towards sorrows past,
I hope the last pang may *remain* the last;
Or counting the good which hath fall'n to my share,
I thank the Great Being who plac'd it there!

Hark! from the heavens yon trill of joy!
Child of the sward, art thou up so high?
"I can sing on the wing," the warbler cries,
"There is life in the gale—I arise, I arise!
Up as I soar it is deep and clear;
Whilst the earth brings forth, and the germs appear,
Plenty I gather and freely fly—
How happy am I, how happy am I!"

By bending dales where groves are seen,
By waters clear, and margins green,
In dim-shed light or open glade,
I wander—or in sunless shade.
Through hoary woods where moss abounds,
By springs and wells with silver sounds,

To pastures where the shamrock grows,
And bowers which none beside me knows.
And often as I lonely walk
I hear the mighty Spirit talk,
From cloud above, from earth below,
Where winds do roll, where waters flow;
From topmost wave of wildest sea,
To stillest land and inmost lea.
It bids me live, and life to spare;
It bids me love, and wrath forbear;
It tells me, justice is not blind;
It shews me mercy, oh how kind!
It says, if I would happy be,
Virtue must point the way for me!

THE VOICE OF GLENDOUR.

"Come to glory, come with Glendour,
Freedom sheds immortal splendour!
Owain's battle-flag is flying,
Maids and wives are wildly crying,
Warriors' souls are cheering o'er us,
Shame behind, and death before us—
Shame, if basely we surrender,
Die or conquer then with Glendour!

Ye of ancient race, and purest,
Freedom is your guardian surest;
Could ye bear to live degraded,
Scorn'd as cowards and upbraided?
Have ye love, and would ye lose it,
If the lordly Saxon chose it?
Count your treasures worth defending,
All are on your arms depending.

As the sullen thunder breaketh,
Now the roar of war awaketh;
From unclouded hills and vallies,
All the pride of Cymru rallies. (11)
See her mailéd army shining,
Like a scaly serpent twining;
Gripe the pard within thy folding, (12)
Till his death unlocks thine holding!"

THE DYING POET TO HIS DOG.

My old companion, Rover!
More true than human lover,
Our cares are nearly over—
My triéd friend!
Thy life with mine is wasting,
And welcome death is hasting;
Our poverty and fasting
Are at an end!

I have sung of Britain's glory,
Of battles fierce and gory,
Of lovely lady's story
In bow'r so gay !
But the soldier's gone a-fighting,
The lady is delighting,
The poet coldly slighting—
Ah, well a day !

My wife away hath wander'd,
My children, they are squander'd,
My reputation slander'd,
Oh, woe to me !
My bloom of life is blighted,
My days, how soon benighted !
My love, my friendship slighted
By all but thee !

When plenty round me shower'd,
And blessings on me pour'd,
Ere grim misfortune lour'd ;
Ah, happy day !
Thou ever wert contented,
And more thou never wanted ;
Intrusion thou prevented
With watchful bay !

And when stern ruin rushing,
My airy castles crushing,
Each tone of pleasure hushing,
Bore me down ;

Thou never seemedst coyer,
Thou never playédst shyer,
Thy tail was held no higher,
My bonny brown!

And when my heart was breaking,
When faithless friends, forsaking,
Were evil of me speaking,
Where wert thou?
I found thee still beside me;
Though poor, *thou* could'st abide me;
And death shall not divide me
From thee now!

And when disease o'ertook me,
When pains and palsies shook me,
Thou never once forsook me,
Oh, my friend!
Thou never didst neglect me,
Thou always wouldst protect me;
And shall not I respect thee,
E'en to the end?

The poet's eye was closing,
His dog beside him dozing,
And heaven, interposing,
Clos'd the scene!
The primrose groweth over
The bard and his Rover,
Beneath a fragrant cover
Of broom so green!

GOD HELP THE POOR.

God help the poor, who on this wintry morn
Come forth of alleys dim, and courts obscure!
God help yon poor pale girl, who droops forlorn,
And meekly her affliction doth endure!
God help the outcast lamb! she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her mournful eyes are modestly down cast,
Her night-black hair streams on the fitful blast;
Her bosom, passing fair, is half reveal'd,
And, oh! so cold, the snow lies there congeal'd;
Her feet benumb'd, her shoes all rent and worn:
God help thee, outcast lamb, who stand'st forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gate-way! and behold,
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold!
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crush'd and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And there she bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold!
And now she sudden darts a ravening look,
As one with new hot bread comes past the nook;

And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, hapless one forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Behold yon famish'd lad;
No shoes, nor hose, his wounded feet protect;
With limping gait, and looks so dreamy-sad,
He wanders onward, stopping to inspect
Each window stor'd with articles of food.
He yearns but to enjoy one cheering meal;
Oh! to his hungry palate, viands rude
Would yield a zest, the famish'd only feel!
He now devours a crust of mouldy bread;
With teeth and hands the precious boon is torn,
Unmindful of the storm which round his head
Impetuous sweeps. God help thee, child forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! Another have I found,
A bow'd and venerable man is he;
His slouchéd hat with fadéd crape is bound;
His coat is grey, and thread-bare too, I see,
"The rude winds" seem to "mock his hoary hair;"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he turns, and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray;
And looks again, as if he fain would spy
Friends he hath feasted in his better day:
Ah! some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn!
God help the poor

God help the poor, who in lone vallies dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow!
Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, nor seeks to know
The toil and want poor weavers undergo.
The irksome loom must have them up at morn;
They work till worn-out nature will have sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. Cold snow drifts deep
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night-storm howls a dirge o'er moss and moor.
And shall they perish thus, oppress'd and lorn?
Shall toil and famine hopeless, still be borne?
No! GOD will yet arise and HELP THE POOR!

A VOICE FROM SPAIN.

WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO THE INVASION OF THAT COUNTRY, BY THE FRENCH ARMY UNDER THE DUKE OF ANGOULEME, FOR THE PURPOSE OF RESTORING THE "LEGITIMATE POWER" OF THE ATROCIOUS FERDINAND.

BENEATH the mighty span of heaven,
And o'er the pathless water,
A voice was heard, a warning given
Of outrage and of slaughter!
To Britain's sons it call'd aloud,
"Arise! for none are braver;
Whilst Freedom die, will you stand by,
And not attempt to save her?

Yon crownéd foes of human kind *
Have been in consultation,
How they might forge a chain, to bind
The noble Spanish nation.
And now the tyrant of the Gaul
Proclaims the battle gory;
And shall the conflict pass away,
And you not share the glory?

SONG OF HEROES.

TO THE NOBLE AND HEROIC WARRIORS OF THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA, THIS SONG IS, WITH PROFOUND ADMIRATION, INSCRIBED.

WHAT gain is life, unless it be
For noble actions noted?
What loss is death that ends a life
So worthily devoted?
It takes away the mortal clay;
But glory waking o'er us,
High feats doth blazon where they dwell
Eternally before us.

* The Holy Alliance.

And hath not Britain's noble isle
 Its myriads all undaunted,
Who, hateful of oppression vile,
 Would fight when they were wanted?
Come on, ye brave!—come on, ye brave!
 The time is now or never;
If right unto the wrong be slave,
 The wrong may reign for ever!

Oh! leave the sordid ones behind
 To tremble o'er their treasure;
The faint of heart, the lightsome mind,
 To seek a life of pleasure:
For heroes true have more in view—
 A higher hope they cherish;
To rest, amid a splendid fame,
 Till fame and glory perish."

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE FROM THE KING'S BENCH PRISON, MAY 15, 1820.

I NEVER will forget thee, love!
 Though in a prison far I be;
I never will forget thee, love!
 And thou wilt still remember me!

I never will forget thee, love!
When wakes on me the morning light;
And thou shalt ever present be,
When cometh down the cloud of night!

I never will forget thee, love!
When summer sheds her golden ray;
And thou shall be my comforter
Amid the winter's cheerless day!

Oh! they may bind but cannot break,
This heart, so full of thine and thee;
Which liveth only for YOUR sake,
And the high cause of LIBERTY!

A SCENE IN THE SAME PRISON,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE 16TH OF MAY, 1820.

"GOOD night," the brave man said,
As to the door we passed;
And then he took my hand
And held it very fast,
And he look'd on me with a steadfast eye;
And there was neither tear nor sigh,

"Good night, sir," I replied,
And did his hand detain;
"Good night, but, Oh, my friend,
When shall we meet again?"
And then I felt a tear *would* stray,
And so I turned and came away.

They took him on the morn,
Unto a prison sure;
Where the arch enemy
Might hold her prey secure:
But the Patriot's God is with him gone,
And he will not be left alone!

THE DAY STORM OF THUNDER.

The black clouds hover;
Frowning masses crowd
Before the sullen wind;
Darkness spreads around!
A flash doth sever
That impending shroud,
And light gleams forth behind!
The loud, long, thunder sound
Booms o'er the world with crash and dread rebound!

Now, where yon clouds are blending,
Like rolling mists descending,
 The winds awake!
The rain in torrents poureth,
The frozen hail down show'reth,
 The lightnings break.
The pine, which waved to heaven,
Is smitten down and riven;
 The firm earth shakes;
Whilst darkening and bright'ning,
Now roaring, and now light'ning,
 The thunder speaks!

What saith that shout of thunder,
In words of awe and wonder?
 It saith, "I come!
From God's eternal throne.
Who doth the kingdoms own
Of earth and heaven ample,
 I come, I come!
His chariots are unbound;
Ten thousand thousand trample
 The starry dome
Of creation around.
The wind and rain,
 The fire and snow,
Move in JEHOVAH'S train,
 And with his armies go!"

BRIGHT EYES.

Bright eyes! ye fatal ones,
Turn ye away;
Have ye not slain enow
Before to-day?
He of the pallid brow,
So much admired;
He with the gowden hair,
Saw and expir'd!
He of the gentle mien;
One free and bold;
Twain in their downy youth,
Twain grey and old:
Still you another would
Take for your prize;
Turn away, lady, those
Fatal bright eyes!
Sweet lips! ye tempting ones,
What would you say?
Have ye not spoken guile
Oft ere to-day?
Have ye not whisper'd love,
Meaning bright gold?
Suffer'd delusive hope,
Heart being cold?

Set forth your winning smiles
But to allure;
Wounded, and left the wound
Never to cure?
Still you another do
Seek to decoy;
Take, then, your victim,—I'll
Kiss you and die!

HYMN TO HOPE.

WRITTEN IN LINCOLN CASTLE.

TUNE—"The God of Abraham praise."—*Hebrew Melody.*

WHEN Freedom bade adieu,
And for a while withdrew,
There was a light of heavenly hope that kept in view;
Afar it faintly shone,
As might some star alone,
That rode amid the storm when all the rest were gone.

And as I gaz'd, its light
Grew brighter and more bright,
Until it seemed to triumph o'er the shades of night;

And then 'twas like a day
Arising far away,
And bringing back the golden hours of liberty.

No dark'ning cloud was there,
But all was bright and fair :
E'en brighter seem'd chains which hung around my lair.
Ah ! though the great combine
The lowly to confine,
They cannot darken out the ray of hope divine !

And though unfeeling might
Affections dear may blight, [right,
And though beneath the arm of pow'r doth bend the
This cannot always be, —
The millions will be free,
Oh ! they will rise to vindicate humanity.

To God my thanks ascend,
Who doth my steps attend,
For he hath ever been to me a mighty friend ;
His wing hath been my shield,
His hand hath been my stay,
As through a dark and stormy world I sought my way !

WINTER.

How fearful, yet how mournful is the tone
Of Winter, howling in his stormy zone!
O'erwhelming pow'r, from night-bound realms afar,
Who lead'st the wrathful elements to war;
Whose voice is heard when storms in chorus sing;
Whose breath doth icy desolation bring:
Who piles the clouds, or rends them as he goes,
Melts into floods, or freezes into snows;
O'er wither'd regions doth the Giant stride,
Lifts his dark hand, and turns the sun aside!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE DURING HER RECOVERY FROM A LONG ILLNESS.

THE youthful bard doth chant his lay
To nymph or goddess fair;
The thirsty bard doth Bacchus pray
For wine to drown his care;
And some have sung of olden time,
And feats of chivalrie;
And shall not I address a rhyme,
My own dear wife, to thee?

Full thirty years have o'er us pass'd
Since thou and I were wed,
And Time hath dealt us many a blast,
And somewhat bow'd thine head,
And torn thy hair, thy bright brown hair,
That stream'd so wild and free;
But oh! thy tresses still are fair
And beautiful to me!

Yes, Time hath ta'en thy lily hand,
And chill'd thy stream of life;
And scor'd some channels with his wand,
As envying thee, my wife:
But let not sorrow make thee sigh,
Nor care thy heart distress;
Though health do fail, and charms do fly,
Thy husband will thee bless!

Aye, bless thy cheek, all worn and wan—
With beauty once beset;
The red rose leaves, my love, are gone;
The pale ones linger yet:
And bless thy care be-clouded brow,
And bless thy dimnéd sight;
Can I forget the time when thou
Wert my young morning-light?

Oh, morning light!—Oh, early love!
Oh, hours that swiftly flew!
Oh, love! the sun was far above
Before we miss'd the dew.

We rang'd the bow'rs, we cull'd the flow'rs,
All heedless of the day;
And, love-beguil'd, to wood and wild,
We wander'd far away.

We rang'd the bow'rs, we cull'd the flow'rs,
By upland and by dell;
And many a night, by pale moonlight,
We sought the lonely well.
And many a night, when all above
Shone not one star-lit ray;
And was not I thy Wizard, love?
And wert not thou my Fay?

One arm was o'er thy shoulder cast;
One hand was held in thine;
Whilst thy dear arm, my youthful waist
Did trustfully entwine:
And through the night, all still and stark,—
No other footsteps near,
We stray'd, and, love, it was not dark,—
My light of life was there!

Oh, light of love!— Oh, early born!
Love-born, and lost too soon!
Oh, love! we often thought it morn,
When it was early noon!
And, love! we thought it still was noon,
When eve came o'er the land;
And, love! we deem'd it wondrous soon
When midnight was at hand.

And when at length we needs must part,
And could no longer stay;
Still hand in hand, and heart by heart,
We homewards took our way:
The wild flowers lav'd our ling'ring feet,
The woodbine shed its dew;
And o'er the meads and pastures sweet,
The night-wind freely blew.

The rubies from thy lips may fade,
Thy cheek be pale and cold;
But thou wert mine, a youthful maid,
And I'll be thine when old!
I see those tears that grateful start,
Oh! turn them not aside;
But, dear one! come unto my heart,
As when thou wert my bride.

OCTOBER.

Now the dull and lazy hours
Steal away, through clouds and showers,
Sol, another path has found,
By the sonth he wheels around;
And the vapours that arise
Float betwixt the earth and skies,
And the withered leaves are strown
Where the sullen wind hath blown,

And the beast stands on the lea
Lowing for the eve of day,
For the fields are cold and bare,
And fragrance breathes no longer there.

Or if southern gales attend,
Dripping rains no more descend,
Then the robin sings his lay
Fraught with pensive melody;
Last of all the feathered race,
He the waning year doth grace,
Like a true and tender friend
Still consoling to the end.

Chilling winds, from ocean's strand,
Breathe across the mourning land,
Bringing tidings, as they fly,
That the herbs and flowers shall die;
Winter comes behind to spoil
Those that linger yet awhile
In the nook, where sunny rays
Longest dwell on shining days;
Where the waving fern doth grow,
Where the air blows soft and low,
Where the pendant 'bines descend
By rills whose murmurs never end.

O'er the moorlands, wide and lone,
Comes a deep and boding tone,
Reynard coil'd, within his den,
Hears afar the cry of men,

And the poor beleagured hare
Pants within her wildered lair,
And the bird, with broken wing,
Dies in unknown suffering,
All to sport the lord who reigns
O'er the waters and the plains,
As if it, indeed, were joy
Thus to torture and destroy.
Oh, would man but deign to know
Mercy's mild and noble glow,
Surely he would not distress
Beings he doth never bless.
Let the eagle tear its prey,
Leave the dog and fox at bay,
And uplift thine eye of pride
Where thine own oppressors bide.

FAREWELL TO MY COTTAGE.

FAREWELL to my cottage, that stands on the hill,
To valleys and fields where I wander'd at will,
And met early spring with her buskin of dew,
As o'er the wild heather a joyance she threw;
'Mid fitful sun beamings, with bosom snow-fair,
And showers in the gleamings, and wind-beaten hair,

She smil'd on my cottage, and buddings of green
On elder and hawthorn and woodbine were seen—
The crocus came forth with its lilac and gold,
And fair maiden snowdrop stood pale in the cold—
The primrose peep'd coyly from under the thorn,
And blithe look'd my cottage on that happy morn.
But spring pass'd away, and the pleasure was o'er,
And I left my cottage to claim it no more.
Farewell to my cottage—afar must I roam,
No longer a cottage, no longer a home.

For bread must be earned, though my cot I resign,
Since what I enjoy shall with honour be mine;
So up to the great city I must depart,
With boding of mind and a pang at my heart.
Here all seemeth strange, as if foreign the land,
A place and a people I don't understand;
And as from the latter I turn me away,
I think of old neighbours now lost, well-a-day,
I think of my cottage full many a time,
A nest among flowers at midsummer prime;
With sweet pink, and white rock, and bonny rose bower,
And honeybine garland o'er window and door;
As prim as a bride ere the revels begin,
And white as a lily without and within.
Could I but have tarried, contented I'd been,
Nor envied the palace of lady the queen.
And oft at my gate happy children would play,
Or sent on an errand well pleased were they;

A pitcher of water to fetch from the spring,
Or wind-broken wood from my garden to bring;
On any commission they'd hasten with glee,
Delighted when serving dear Ima or me—
For I was their "uncle," and "gronny" was she.
And then as a recompense sure if not soon,
They'd get a sweet posy on Sunday forenoon,
Or handful of fruit would their willing hearts cheer;
I miss the dear children—none like them are here,
Though offspring as lovely as mother e'er bore
At eve in the park I can count by the score.
But these are not ours—of a stranger they're shy,
So I can but bless them as passing them by;
When ceasing their play my emotion to scan,
I dare say they wonder "what moves the old man."

Of ours, some have gone in their white coffin shroud,
And some have been lost in the world and its crowd;
One only remains, the last bird in the nest,
Our own little grandchild, the dearest and best.
But vain to regret, though we cannot subdue
The feelings to nature and sympathy true,
Endurance with patience must bear the strong part—
Sustain when they cannot give peace to the heart;
Till life with its yearnings and struggles is o'er,
And I shall remember my cottage no more.

AN APPEAL.

WRITTEN DURING THE POTATO FAMINE IN IRELAND, FIRST PUBLISHED IN "THE MANCHESTER EXAMINER."

Sons of England, noble England, listen to my verse awhile;
We that once were deemed happy, now have little cause to smile;
We that once were deemed happy, whether rich or honest poor,
Hear the ghastly famine howling, and the wolf is at the door.

Sons of England, noble England, Scotia tells a woeful tale;
And from all the land of Erin, comes a moan upon the gale;
Out of billow-seated Erin, wakes a wild and fearful cry,
"Noble sons of noble England, we of hunger faint and die.

"We have thousands here in England, honest men of humble state;
"Who, in more than human labour, yield to nothing less than fate;

"Scotia too, is fellow worker, on the loom and at the plough';
"And had Erin striven wisely, she had not been foodless now.

"But the past be all forgotten, what is present let us mend;
"Heaven sends a timely warning, and 'twere well if we attend;"
Down to Scotland, o'er to Erin, throw your gold as free as dew;
But whilst you are true to others, to your Saxon poor be true.

True to those who labour daily, in the mine and in the mill;
To the hardy peasant braving, Summer's heat, and Winter's chill;
To the worker at the anvil, and the hewer of the stone;
And the pale one, weaving, when the stars have left him all alone.

True to head, for ever thoughtful, hearts all honest to the core;
Ne'er in difficulties doubtful, resting not till labour's o'er;
Down to Scotland, o'er to Erin, freely cast your sunny gowd;
But whilst you are thus endowing, know by whom *you* are endow'd.

Sons of England, noble England, be you bountiful
but just;
Wiser rule for wildered Erin, want we do, and have
we must;
Meet her plaining with your plenty, until better days
are seen;
Place her burden then, and leave it, where it ever
should have been.

Sons of England, Saxon England, now let vile
traducers quail;
Ye have never shrunk in danger, and in duty will
not fail.
And altho' in shadows frowning, lightsome day hath
sadly set,
There's a Sun behind the glooming, that will shine
upon us yet.

EPITAPH,

ON A BOY, WHO, HAVING SUFFERED UNDER A LONG AND WASTING SICKNESS, WAS FOUND UNEXPECTEDLY DEAD.

"LIE low, and thou shalt have good rest, my child,"
Spake his fond mother, as she smooth'd his bed;
The long-enduring sufferer meekly smil'd.
At morn, his corse was there, his spirit fled!
And so, indeed, the patient child found rest,
His dust with dust, his soul with angels blest!

LINES,

ON READING, IN A MANCHESTER NEWSPAPER, AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF A LATE WORTHY AND HIGHLY RESPECTED M.P.

And so the good and faithful one hath entered on his rest;
The toil of life hath passed away, and he is with the blest;
A throb, a tremor, and he yields to slumber none may break,
Until the angel's trumpet-call the morn of doom awake,—
Until the angel's trumpet-shout, that rings from heaven to hell,
And o'er the earth, and through the earth, to ocean's deepest well—
"Ye living, come to judgment, and, ye dead, return to light;
The Lord descends to judge the world in justice and in might."
The living wait for judgment, and the dead are in array;
And God comes in a glory-flood, that pales the light of day.

Till then repose, while yet the world, with all of human race,
Goes onward rolling as before, through depths of time and space;
The human being human still, such as it long hath been,
With good and evil, noble, vile—the peasant, lord, and queen.
The good, whose greatest pleasure is to benefit mankind,
The evil, wading deep in crime, some fancied good to find;
Like tyrant, treading out the life of slaves who groaning lie,
The cravens being trod to death because they fear to die.
The good, whose constant wish is for advantage to the state;
The evil, ever seeking how for self to operate.
The good, whose rule of life is by the golden apophthegm,
Of "doing as they would that others should do unto them."
True nobles, not by rank alone,—mere title they ignore;
Than written sign and patent seal, they must have something more.
Of noble deed comes noble meed, and noble actions show
The honest man a king of men, and crowned of God also;

And let a passing thought disclose a truth too seldom
seen,
If honest man be king of men, a honest woman's
queen.
And sure as honest queen hath sat upon the English
throne,
So truly are we certified, a honest queen's our own.

Alas, the vile! that we should scorn the poor as low
and vile,
Whilst vileness cushioned in a coach, we meet with
bow and smile.
Ho! bring the band of golden sheen; ho! bring the
jewels rare;
The vile in humble garb we loath,—the jewelled vile,
"how fair."
A poor one begs and goes to jail,—one rich hath
cheated long,
But this, though not exactly right, is scarcely deemed
wrong.
And so, disguise it as we may, in either prose or rhyme,
Virtue is gold, our acts declare, and poverty is crime.

As gems are found in caverns deep, emotions pure
may glow
In depths where angels come to weep mid human
crime and woe;
For mouldy cell, or attic bare, where broken roof or
pane
Admit the summer's sultry heat, or winter's cold and
rain;

Unfurling wide their radiant wings, they leave the crystal floor,
And all unknown to sons of earth, they ope the poor man's door.
To some they fortitude impart, affliction to sustain,
Of some they bind the broken heart, of some assuage the pain,—
Awaking thoughts of Christ who was betrayed and denied,
And how, forsaken of the world, in agony he died.
Another feeling then prevails of humanizing woe;
The charm of sin hath ceased to charm, and tears repentant flow.

But thou wert of the glory-crowned, and took thy honoured place,
And held it with becoming mien, and mild, but manly grace;
Despising gaude and pride effete, to work that will not deign,
When duty called, in action prompt, thy works were quickly seen.
The useful and the requisite thou ever didst support,
With vision-led enthusiasts thou never wouldst consort.
Of manner placid, thou wert yet, persistent in the right,
And in opposing wrong thy force was neither brief nor slight.
Avoiding words not born of thought, thy speech was to the sense;
To art of "mouthing by the hour" thou never madest pretence.

For party's loss, or faction's gain, thou never wouldst
contest,
Thy vote was always freely given, and always for the
best.
Upholding power, thou wouldst maintain that right
was higher still,
And, pleading justice, Mercy's tears would move thy
sterner will.
Farewell, thou good and faithful one, now dwelling
with the blest—
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest."

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE JOHN HORSEFIELD, BOTANIST, OF PRESTWICH.

ANOTHER of the humble great departs,
And sadness clouds the light of many hearts;
Those of his house, who held him truly dear,
Indulge in deep regret, and bitter tear;
Whilst the companions of his leisure day
Sigh, when they find that Horsefield is away:—
The office vacant he so often bore—*
His words of thoughtful teaching heard no more.

* That of chairman of rural botanical meetings.

No more he seeks the fern within the dell,
Nor humid moss that drips beside the well;
Nor pimpernel,* that weather warns the poor;
Nor golden asphodel, that gems the moor;
Nor purple heath, that scents the breezy wild;
Nor hyacinth, of shady nooks the child;
Nor sun-dew, glittering on the moorland dun,
Nor primrose coyly nestling to the sun.
He cares not for the choicest herb that grows,
Since life hath failed and he takes repose.
Thou'st journey'd long—the storm is on the plain;
Come weary one, and rest, and live again.

And thus it is,—we pass like dew away,
Or, like the summer flowers, that will not stay.
The germ of life, becomes a plant, and dies;
And in its place another plant doth rise.
"All flesh is grass,"—the myriads rise and grow,
And, quickly as they come, so quick they go.
Whilst one awakes, another disappears;
And death, the friendly, wipes the dying tears.
Oh! wondrous life, through which we laugh and weep!
Oh! beauteous death, that lulls to placid sleep!
And still a change—for knowledge certifies,
Death is but life beneath another guise.
Our day recedes, and scarce the curfew rings,
Ere death enfolds us in her cloudy wings,
And opes a world where life anew begins,
A race of change where every starter wins.

* Often called the poor man's weather glass.

The goal is won—the goal is instant pass'd—
The race goes on, and shall for ever last
The dead are living, and the living die!
Oh! God, what is this great eternity?
Humbly I ask, and God doth answer send—
"Tis endless change, and time without an end."
Thus live and perish breathing creatures must,
They come from dust, and all return to dust.

So farewell, husband, ever dear and true,
Parent, receive our last, our long adieu.
Neighbour, farewell, our kindly greetings o'er;
Companion dear, we part to meet no more.
So, husband, parent, neighbour, steadfast friend,
All ties dissolve when human life doth end;
Until in spirit-life, again we rise,
And meet thee in the fields of Paradise.

LONDON, November 11, 1855.

THE WITCH OF BRANDWOOD.

A SKETCH FOR A STATUE.

A BELDAME came to lofty Scout,*
What time the old year dwindled out;
She was the last of all that race
Whose deeds our Northern stories grace;

* Scout Edge, near Duerden Moor, in the township of Shuttleworth.

And in her youth had join'd the crew
Which Walsden Clough and Wuerdale knew,
Much to the good folks' dread and woe,
Some threescore years and ten ago.

The night was dark, the wind was high;
There was a tumult in the sky;
As if amid the ærial space
Some mighty change was taking place.
O'er wintry Holcomb, t'wards the west,
The elements were ill at rest,
And, mingled with the troubled air,
Were sounds of lamentation there;
And mournful, over hill and dell,
Were heard the words, "Farewell! farewell!"

Then flash'd athwart th' abyss of night,
Through startled heaven, a stream of light;
And winds were heard with fearful howl,
T'wards Rooly Moor, and cheerless Knowl;
And darkness for a while gave way
Before that ghast and lurid ray!

The beldame's cloak of seam and shred
Flew back, and to the wind was spread;
The hood her face was muffled round,
Her brow with striped kerchief bound;
Nor did the wind her bosom spare—
One wither'd pap hung cold and bare:
Her outstretch'd arms were long and thin,
The great veins crept beneath her skin.

Like worms that had begun to glide
Around her carcase, ere it died:
And thus, with unaverted eye,
She gaz'd towards that howling sky,
And with storm-piercing shriek she cried,
"New year, I hail thine early tide,
And hither come I to demand,
What weal or woe for Spodden-land?"

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN PETER SPINTHREED, A COTTON MANUFACTURER, AND ZEKIL ISTHEWETUR, A HAND-LOOM WEAVER.

Written on the coming in of the Canning Administration.

PETER.

WELL, Zekil, hasto' yerd o' th' reawt,
'At's takken place at Lundun?
King George has turn't hissel' obeawt,
An' Ministers are undun;
Sin' Liverpool laid by his shoon,
O' nailt wi' gowden clinkers,
The growl has to a battle groon,
An' Cannin's bitten th' blinkers.

ZEKIL.

An' what by that? he'r nere a friend
To my poor hungry belly;
An' though he shift, unless he mend,
He's still a nowty felley.
"No honest mon," sed Billy Pit,
"Con ston i' sitch a station;
An' he who creeps or flies to it,
Mun sacrifice the nation."

PETER.

Pshaw! none o' thy reformin' slang,
Suspicious an' despondin',
I tell thee, things win goo none wrang
When Cannin' gets his hond in.
He'll make the Yankees an' the Dons
Buy cals an' calimancos;
Put th' Kurn-bill i' the divel's hons
'At it no moor may dank* us.

ZEKIL.

O' that may be I dunna deawt,
He's thick enoof wi' Sooty;
He'll bring moor marrokles obeawt
I'th' way o' wage an' booty.
But con he satisfy the debt,
An' staunch thoose drainin' penshuns?
Till then, a trade we ne'er shall get
For eawr "sublime invenshuns."

*_Dank_ or _Donk_: damp, depressing.

PETER.

He'll geythur reawn'd him o' the peaw'r
An' patronage o' th' nation;
Ther's Lord MacCringe and Lord MacKeawr
Mun each fill op a station;
Whilst Sir John Cop'* mun sit at top,
Upon a seck o' clippins;†
Eh! Zekil, that's a glorious shop—
Wot carvings an' wot drippins!

ZEKIL.

He geythur ought? he'll geythur nowt:
Hooa tarries to be groated!
These Tories are like summer brids,
Wi' him they'n not be sawted.
An' Wellinton has laft the drill,
An' Lowther's off i' anger;
An' Peel has bowt a spinnin' mill,
An' Eldon deawts no langer.

PETER.

An' wot cares he, if o' that swarm
Desart his cause, an hate him?
One jink o' gowd will theawsuns arm
Prepar't to vindicate him.
O'er brucks an' briggs dun gallop Whigs,
Wi' whip an' spur unscanted,
An' Brougham up to Lunnun trigs
To see if he be wanted.‡

* Sir John Copley, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst.
† *Clippins*: wool—the woolsack.
‡ It was stated in the newspapers, that Mr. Brougham had left the North in posthaste for London, on hearing of the change in the Administration.

So, Zekil, go to th' kitchen door,
To-day theawst hav' a treatin'.
An' presently wur Zekil poor,
Beside the window waitin';
When forth coom Miss, all don'd i' silk,
Enoof to captivate us—
Hoo gan poor Zeke some buttermilk,
An' a plate o' cowd potatoes!

EPITAPH,

ON A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS DROWNED.*

Not human speech nor human wail can tell
The grief of heart for one beloved so well:
In strength of life he left his home at morn,
And back, at noon, a pallid corpse was borne.
Humid and cold, they brought him from the deep,
To breaking hearts, to eyes that could not weep.
Oh, cease to mourn! in life we are in death,
And life is but a shadow and a breath.
Oh, cease to mourn! learn meekly to obey;
The Lord who gave, might surely take away!

* The lines, after being written at the instance of a relative of the deceased, were submitted to the revision of a cobbler of rhymes, at Royton, and, as might be expected, a sad botch of them appears on a stone in the chapel-yard of that place.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND, JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF OLDHAM.

Oh Death, how placid is thy sleep !
The seal of a long dreamless rest;
No breath to sigh, no tear to weep,
No trouble to disturb that breast:
The music of thy voice is o'er,
Thine eye shall wake to light no more !

Death comes, and none may linger then;
The great one from his throne descends,
And mingles with his fellow men,
And all his pomp and splendour ends;
And with the lowest lieth he,
Forgetful of his dignity.

And he, who in a low estate
Hath mourn'd beside that guilty throne,
Is on a level with the great,
Whose grave shall be as dark and lone;
For when a tyrant bows the head,
What tears of grief are ever shed?

O ! may we live a worthy life,
And may we die a worthy death ;
Whether we fall in freedom's strife,
Or calmly we resign our breath,
There is a voice of truth to tell,
Of him who hath deserved well.

THE SNOW WHITE DOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, why should love, unearthly love,
Like mine remain untold,
And why should unavailing love
Be kept like hidden gold.
And why should fond and sinless love
E'er feel the blush of shame,
Or the story of my snow white dove
Descend without a name.

Come, peerless maid amongst the maids !
To thee I now will tell
The tale which hath been kept too long,
And erst was kept too well ;
The story of my early love,
Which haunts me now I'm old,
And broods within my very heart,
Although 'tis well-nigh cold.

Come, peerless maid, for thou art like
The one so early lost,
I'll tell it thee, and mayest thou
In love be never cross'd.
I know thy pure and gentle heart
My lay will not deride,
But rather would bestow a tear
Whilst listening at my side.

THE BARD'S PETITION.

TO THE REV. J. T. HORTON, J.P.; ROCHDALE.

MOST reverend sir, I pray permit,
To approach where you in judgment sit,
A humble, lowly, country bard,
Whose birth, I fear, was evil star'd;
For since bright reason first began
To stamp upon my mind the man,
Heart-aching care, with wrinkled front,
Hath given me many a weary grunt,
And caused me self reproaching sigh
For momentary stolen joy,
That like the summer's beam is fled,
Now bitterly remembered.

Your reverence will please to know
I made a fault some years ago,
A bonny blooming servant maid
Complaint before your worship laid
That I her virtue had beguil'd
And she, by me, was then with child;
And truly in process of time
Came forth a bumping lad so prime,
And I'm in justice bound to own,
The child was of my flesh and bone;
Till late I've duly paid the brass
To th' overseer for the lass,
And never have I been unwilling
To stump my nine and twenty shilling;
But when one has not brass to pay
And overseer comes every day,
With threats of prison or of law,
Or such like terrifying jaw,
It wounds me to the very quick,
My hair upon its end doth stick,
I stare as if I'd seen Old Nick;
And then again I rue the day
When I so foolish went astray.

Imagination needs will come
And tear me from my happy home;
Led like a thief to prison dark,
The scoff, the pointing stock, the mark
Of every puppy that can bark.
I see my wife with tearful eye,
I hear my little darling cry;

Farewell my lowly cell, my book,
My cosy chair, my quiet nook,
Where oft the muse doth sit with me
Rehearsing rustic poetry;
Till fancy growing wild and warm,
Partakes the soul inspiring charm,
And sudden bursts the raptured lay
In all the glow of minstrelsy.

The iron door, with rusty creak,
Maketh my inmost soul to quake,
And tells unto my anxious heart,
That I with liberty must part;
The stony chamber, and the bed
With clothes but thinly covered,
The harden'd turnkey's steely eye,
Expressive but of misery;
There cheerful look is never seen,
Nor waving woods in summer green;
Nor limped rills meand'ring flow,
But all is wretchedness and woe.
High walls, that mock the powers of flight,
Dungeons, where reign eternal night,
Where felons unrepentant howl
In body pain, and rack of soul;
O 'tis impossible to tell
The horrors that I know too well.
Dire though the place, unless some friend
A little timely aid extend,
Ere many days have by me pass'd,
I in its walls am prisoner fast;

Then would your worship condescend
To be for once the poet's friend,
And shield him from the coming blast,
His gratitude would ever last.
In vain I see the day draw near,
I cannot pay the overseer,
For I, last week, was ta'en so ill,
I could not down "my cut o' twill,"
I really should have died I thought,
Till doctor Balm of Gilead brought;
And now I dread the anger dire
Of disappointed Lancashire,
For well I know he will demand
A warrant from your worship's hand,
As on the twenty-seventh day,
Two quarters I shall have to pay,
If you would deign excuse to find,
To soothe his anger-breathing mind,
And put him off a little longer,
Till I'm in circumstances stronger,
I promise you I'll not delay
To muster on an early day,
And ever after firm and steady,
I'll mind and have the money ready.

THE STAKEHILL BALL.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
When pleasant was the weather,
At Stakehill Fold, as I've been told,
The women met together;
Old Betty Jacques the chair bespeaks,
And then came Sally Turner,
And Collinge wife, wi' fun was rife,
And Mall sat up i'th' corner.

The wife o' Dill would have her will,
And plumpt her deawn i'th middle;
Whilst Bet-at-Joes, nipt up her toes,
And fot owd John with fiddle.
When John began, up stepped Nan,
And doanc'd a heavy raddler,
And, without care, upset a chair,
And down hoo knock'ed owd Paddler.

Then came Mall Wilde an' brought her child
And put it into th' keythur;
Whilst John-at-Dick's good wife has six,
But left 'em with their feyther.
Of Mary Jos, there was no loss,
Nor yet o' youthful Nelly;
An' Sall wur fain to come deawn th' lane,
An' doance wi' neighbour Dolly.

An' they had ale 'at towd a tale,
'Twur cool, an' wick, an' foamin';
It did 'em good, it warm'd their blood,
An' set their thoughts a roamin'.
An' there were eyes 'at look'd as bright
As ony star i'th' welkin,
An' bosoms like the marble white,
An' bosoms soft wi' milk in.

Till echo rang, so sweet they sang,
Within that joyous dwellin',
The chamber floor and butt'ry door
The music soft repellin'.
Whilst up the stairs flew angel airs,
Against the rafters ringin';
The looms below danced tip a toe,
The lathes began a swingin'.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE BLUE BALL, ROCHDALE.

THERE'S a little crude knot
Who visit this spot—
What wonderful statesmen they'd make;
What pity that they
From "the helm" are away—
They'd rectify ev'ry mistake.

Without stop or pause
They'd give us new laws,
And the spirit of trade would revive.
Huzza, what a buzz
About woollen and fuz,
The markets would all be alive.

Their converse how wise,
Man, open your eyes
And list to their sayings profound;
About Hollingworth dam,
And the fishes that swam,
And the bull-heads and stock-baits they found.

And if a strange wight,
From the road and the night,
Step in and a refuge should claim,
How the wise-acres pose,
How they snuff with their nose
To catch his profession and name.

With wit he is stunn'd,
He's baited and dunn'd,
But the wit is a wit of their own;
Both vulgar and dull,
Their skulls being full
Of matters that long have been known.

I leave them this time,
With this merciful rhyme,
I wish not to flog very hard;
If their manners don't mend,
Ere next I attend,
They shall feel all the ire of a bard.

O'CONNOR'S MICHAELMAS GOOSE.*

SED goose ûnto gondor,
Whot felley comes yonder?
'Tis Feargus O'Connor,
I' search of a gonnor,
He wants to bestride one,
And o'er Inglun ride one,
Collecting foo's pennies
Fro gawsterin ninnies,
(They knew not the boaster
Coom theer for a roaster)—
He tips 'em the blarney
Wi' tin-dagger Harney;

* On the 7th November, 1838, at a torch-light meeting, held at Rochdale, Feargus O'Connor said they—the Chartists—would have Universal Suffrage by the 29th of September next. On that day they would have the "Michaelmas Goose;" if they did not get it on that day, they would have the gander on the 30th. But he pledged his life and his honour they would have Universal Suffrage by that day.

Or Brimstone O'Brien,
That lung-eared lion ;
Or he cropt by jailor,
That worm-doctor, Taylor,—
Whose fate doth remind us
Of Lady Belynda's ;
But her bonny tangles,
Were hung wi star-spangles,
While his of the "charter,"
Were trod into mortar—
A fate so provokin,
He neerly dee'd chokin.

Or Fixby's stark vagrant,
With cash accounts flagrant,
Grown grey in his folly,
Half cant and half bully ;
Or lung-winded Fletcher,
Wi' Deegan, flat-catcher,
An' Jozif o' Stephens,
Whose odds dropt to evens,
When Dougal o' Holkham
Geet up to be-talk 'em,
How meek stood the preacher,
Before his new teacher ;
It show'd not a reet heart,
To want his friend's sweetheart.

An' ex-cobbler Jackson,
Whose fist hath not wax on,

Since Kit, stuffed wi' bother,
Tramps leeter than leather.

An' Benbow, unbended,
Oft tied but ne'er mended—
Who'd rather be a hobble in,
Than bend to his cobblin;
Wi' prig-lookin Jack Hart,
Whose reet name is Black-heart,
Who dropt felon's fetter,
And coom back no better.

Pitkethly, the draper,
Sly booer an' scraper—
As bee sucketh honey,
He clutched their money;
While Kilmarnock's bailie,
Held bully-talk daily.

Wi' Shonas-ap-Froster,
That Welsh-lond imposter,
Who dropt fro' his station,
While fooin' to th' nation.
An' he sent fro' Ratchdo,
Who yerd o', an' watch'd o';
Whose smoot words an' wary,
Flamm'd Tummus an' Meary.
Wi' scores 'at are nameless,
But greedy an' shameless;

A gang o' bombasters,
Wind-puffers, word-wasters,
They'd p— i' their breeches,
Ere shorten their speeches.
A crew o' decoyers,
An' poor folks'. destroyers,
Like fox-cubs they're whinin,
Lost plunder repinin,
"No Michaelmas plunder"
Sed goose unto gondor;
Then from the moor springin,
The twain went a wingin,
An' left the big sinner,
Beawt Michaelmas dinner.

THE DEVIL'S COURT.

A FRAGMENT.

Now the Devil, saith report,
Once would hold a justice court,
He'd a notion for trying his hand,
He sent constables from hell
And they did their duty well,
For they cribb'd all the cadgers of the land.

Beside some highway reives
And a score or two of thieves,
With flashman, the prig, and the swell,

And some half-a-dozen stood
With their knuckles dabb'd in blood,
Such a crew was never raked out of hell.

Not a roof tree could be found,
Length or breadth of English ground,
That could span o'er those victims of sin,
So he wav'd his sable hand,
And straight at his command,
They down sank, and were fast walled in.

I can tell the very spot,
For its often been my lot
To go night-hunting foumarts that way,
Just behind the Tandle Hill,
Where our Sunday morning's drill
We perform'd 'gainst the great meeting day.

And when in nightly chase
We approach'd the market place,
How strange was the yell of the hound,
It was like a cry of pain
Till we gain'd the hill again,
So we hasten'd to pass o'er that ground.

Devil's court was held at night,
But his worship must have light,
So he put forth his hand and uptore
Twenty oaks from Gerrard's wood,
And he piled them where he stood,
Sap gan fizz, and the fire loud did roar.

THE LOST ONES.

WRITTEN DURING THE WINTER STORM OF 1853-4.

WHERE the sun looks cold and shorn,
Where the day is long and lorn,
Ah! too long, so cold and dreary,
Long and lorn, and dim and weary,
Sailors brave must needs go sailing,
Wives forsaken, children wailing;
Sails were spread, and ships in motion,
Down the darksome northern ocean;
From that darksome northern main,
When will they return again?
When will they return again?

Over billow, into gloom,
Ploughed the stem, and swung the boom,
Till they entered on a nether
Sea, outriding wreck and weather.
Night was there all strangely gleaming,
Stars wild coursing, meteors streaming;
Omens for a timely warning,—
"Mortals, back, or no returning."
Omens vain, for, with the day,
On they sail, nor seek to stay,

Until lost, and far away;
Ah! too brave, too far away.

Gone and lost, but how or when,
Never may be known to men;
By what frozen lands they steered,
Gulf or berg, they disappeared;
Whether life so closed behind them
That the living ne'er can find them,—
Whether kindly, death received them,
And from utter woe relieved them,—
Or, a remnant are surviving,
Hoping still, and homeward striving;
So that lost and broken-hearted
Yet may meet, and ne'er be parted.
Ah! dear hope, with thought "so fair,"
Whose fond whisper was a snare
Wrought from uttermost despair.

All is frozen still and fast
In that death-land, wild and vast;
Save when mountain bergs are drifting,
Or with noise, like thunder, rifting;
Or the storm goes darkly scowling,
'Mid eternal winter howling;
Over desolation endless,
And a region void and friendless,—
Drear, immeasurable gloom!
One vast shroud, without a tomb,
What a band! and what a doom!

THE BARD AND HIS PUPIL.

PUPIL.

BARD, I pray, come show to me
Secret I would fain be knowing;
What are the two things that be
Greatest blessings unto man?
Son of light, I wait your showing,
And declare it if you can.

BARD.

Wisdom is a precious thing
Unto peasant or to king;
She hath far-pervading eye,
Human knowledge to apply,
So that good may be obtained,
And that evil be refrained;
In her clear discerning mind
Best of counsel thou wilt find;
She will teach thee how to choose,
What retain, and what to lose—
What thou sternly should'st suppress,
What permit, and what caress.
If a sudden storm assail,
Wisdom hath foreseen the gale;

And, whilst she is at the helm,
Fear not thou an overwhelm.
Or, if wake the clang of war,
She hath seen the danger far;
And can either meet the fight,
Or in peace maintain her right—
Ever seeing, every ready,
Ever calm, and ever steady.
High ones of the world she tendeth,
With the lowliest she wendeth;
And if fortune do despite thee,
She will never turn and slight thee,—
So, if friend thou doth require,
Could'st thou better one desire?

She is highly, too, descended,
Heaven's court she erst attended;
When, as saith the sacred story,
Once came down the King of Glory,
And this lower world descried—
Ocean-weltered, dark, and void.
With His hand He did but motion,
And rolled back that fearful ocean.
Sun He robed in living light,
And the moon hung meekly bright;
And the stars in heaven He strewed—
Glory-streaming multitude!
Herb, and tree, and beast were rife,
Crowding on the morn of life;
And a pair went hand in hand,
Through that green and sunny land;

Happy, till they, tempted, fell,
When, as ancient poets tell—
Sign that heaven did not discard them—
Wisdom was vouchsafed to guard them
Through all time, and every stage
Of their world-wide pilgrimage.

Child of man, what'er thou gain,
Strive thou wisdom to obtain;
She will be a friend indeed,
Ever present in thy need.
If bright wealth thy heart rejoice,
Add this pearl of matchless price;
And if Fortune still denies thee,
Gain this friend, who will advise thee.

PUPIL.

Son of light, my thanks are thine,
Would I had that friend divine.

BARD.

In a meek and constant spirit,
Seek her, and thou shalt inherit.
Take thou also to thy aid
Valour, which is true and staid;
He will best support thy heart,
Whilst thou acts a noble part.
If thou needest strife's award,
Valour smiteth quick and hard;
And will neither flinch nor fail
Till his cause or death prevail.

Lo! a stalwart warrior stands,
Battle hewing with both hands;
Not a thought of peace comes o'er him
Whilst a foe-man stands before him.
Though with dead his knees are cumbered,
Though my enemies outnumbered,
Rest!—he never can enjoy it
Whilst his sword hath work to try it.

But true valour may be found
On far other battle ground;
Oft he worketh humble good,
Not by means of force and blood.
Wrong he baffles, though of might,
And protects the feeble right;
Nothing caring who stands by,
Who applaud, or who decry.
What, save valour, stout and true,
Doth enable to subdue
All the groans that else were sounded,
When men's very souls are wounded,
All the yearnings of their ire,
When their hearts are trod like mire?
What hath helped man to bear,
Through his years of loaded care,
Ills that on each day beset him,
Wantonly that chafe and fret him?
Envy, with her viper brood,
Wounding in his solitude;
Whilst, to contumely of pride,
Throb of pain alone replied,

Open hate and covert scorn,
Lowly hero oft hath borne,
And the arrows, poison-stewed,
By abhorred ingratitude;
And the shafts that deepest stung,
By the hand of friendship flung;
Till his constancy was tried,
And he turned his tears to hide.
O, but valour, stout and true,
Still upbore him through and through,
And enabled him to say,
As the Holy One did pray—
"God, forgiveness to them show,
For they know not what they do."
Wouldst thou act a steadfast part,
Take thou valour to thy heart.

PUPIL.

Son of light, I have that boon;
I besought, and found it soon,
And I hold it, heart-within.

BARD.

Keep it pure from taint of sin.
So, if wisdom thou obtain,
Thou hast won a noble twain;
But if perfect thou wouldst be,
Thy two blessings should be three.
Great by wisdom is the gaining;
Great by valour, right maintaining,

Noble is the strife of duty,
Next is love that leads to beauty.
Love to God, the blessing giver,
Love to man, thy fellow-liver,
Love to all benign creation,
And to woman, adoration.
But the day hath set in gloaming,
And the starry van are coming,
Haste thee on thy homeward way,
Love's a theme for other day.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save Queen Caroline,
Britain's own heroine,
God save the Queen.
Be Thou her strength and stay,
In her adversity,
And from dark treachery,
God save the Queen.

Foes have beset her round,
Oh God, her foes confound,
And save the Queen.
Oh may she pure arise
From the foul calumnies
Breathed by hired spies,
God save the Queen.

Mark the vile minion's path,
Tool of unmanly wrath,
 Lurking unseen.
Learning was there misplac'd,
Rank, was it not debas'd ?
Manhood was sore disgrac'd—
 God save the Queen.

THE PARTING.

Love, I can no longer stay,
 One kiss and then
I to Bowton must away,
 With Owdham men.
Dry thy tears an' dunno mourn,
 Dearest love !
Till I back again return,
 I'll constant prove.

Bowton maids our damsels say,
 Witches be ;
If they 'guile thy heart away,
 Woe to me !
If again thou doth return
 With alter'd mind,
Ever, ever shall I mourn
 Thy love unkind.

THE WATCH AND WARD.[13]

SCENE—King Street, Middleton.

COME, all ye votaries of fame,
And listen to the warlike theme,
Which to my rustic lyre I sing,
Of Watch and Warders battling.

CHORUS.

O, the gallant Watch and Ward,
Sleepy England's wakeful guard,
With dreadful rattle, pike, and hook,
They'll drive Owd Ludd fro' every nook.

The waning moon hung o'er the hill,
And faintly gleam'd on Irk's sweet rill,
When Watch and Warders in array,
Up King-street took their dangerous way.

Tom led the van, with cleaver bright,
And gilded stick, "God and my right,"
Like summer posy painted gay,
To show his high authority.

Then came the Captain of the band,
A gleaming pike was in his hand;
With head erect and warrior stride,
He all the powers of Ludd defied.

Next stept the Doctor's "manly limb,"
A pestle huge was borne by him;
His heart as valiant forsooth,
As ever dar'd to draw a tooth.

Close at his heels "the gentry" came,
And I could mention many a name;
But prudence bind's Pegasus' wing,
Lest his rider he should fling.

With dandy gait all stiff as starch,
These guardians of the town did march;
Each mewing malkin quick did fly,
As warriors tramp'd the alleys by.

The rear, in awful silence still,
Trooped bravely up the hill,
Led on by manufacture Dick,
And George with umbrella stick.

Thus marched they on with hearts all stout
In quest of night's dark rabble-rout,
Which shrank dismayed, and further fled
Before the echo of their tread.

But scarce they'd gained the top o'th' hill,
When hark! a whistle loud and shrill,
Blown by some lurking Luddite's breath—
The Warders startled nigh to death.

The Captain spoke, "pray whot is yon?
It whistl't summut loike a mon;
It surely coom fro' th' pickit post
O' Gen'ral Ludd's approachin' host."

Then back the frighted Warders hied,
The Captain ran himself, but cried—
"Stop lads a little bit, au pray,
"An' dunno' let us run away."

With doubtful step again they turn'd,
Each heart with shame and anger burn'd;
Some damned the breath, and some the lip,
That started them into the trip.

And now a leader of the van
Back to his waiting comrades ran,
Reporting that, "At top o'th' street,
A fearfu' object he did meet.

"Aw'm sure it has two blazin e'en,
"Its grinnin' fangs au've plainly seen;
"It looks as savage as a bear,
"An' it so horribly dus stare."

"It's sure some boggart," cries the Cap,
"For that's abeawt o'th' boggort shap;
"Just as I yerd meh gronny tell,
"An' hoo had boggarts seen hursel.

"Iv't be a boggart, God forbid
"'At I to it a mischief did;
"But iv it be some lurkin' Ludd,
"Lorjus, heaw wot will be meh blood!"

The Captain form'd them rank and file,
Whilst some their nether clothing soil;
Some cough, whilst others loudly sneeze,
Some shake like leaves on aspen trees.

"Curridge, meh lads, ween goo an' see't,
"It isno' dark, for th' moon gi's leet;
"Iv't be a Ludd, ween at him smash,
"Iv boggart, aw'll some questions ash.

Towards the object now they drew,
With rattle-rick an' loud halloo;
The Captain shook his curly head,
And slyly wished himself in bed.

Thrice he roll'd that noble eye,
Which looketh o'er his nose so sly;
As looks a magpie on a tree,
When coming shooter it doth see.

And now they drew the object near,
Behold! not blazing eyes were there,
But firmly standing 'gainst the wall,
An armed warrior stout and tall.

"Pray whot art theaw, 'at theer dus ston,"
Said Cap, "art divle, or a mon?
"Or art some sperrit comn agen,
"To fyer a set o' honist men?"

The doughty fellow held his tongue,
Nor budg'd he from the halbert long,
But proudly in defiance stood,
The picket-post of General Ludd.

Await we now the battle fray,
And mark the halberd's lightning play;
Behold on slipp'ry honour's strand,
Like "hope forlorn," the warrior band.

And now the brave commander spoke,
Each Warder did his weapon poke;
And now, with one united push,
They on the steadfast foe did rush.

Dire was the meeting, thunder crack,
Like tennis-balls they bounded back;
When strange amaze and wild dismay
Did looks of Warder-men display.

The Luddite foe did bravely stand,
Nor shrunk from blow, nor wielded brand,
Nor couched lance, nor fixed targe,
But fearless braved the sweeping charge.

As grafted rocks do meet the flood,
So fast, so firm the Luddite stood;
As floods oppos'd do backwards dash,
So back the Watch and Ward did crash.

O! that my lyre had ne'er been strung,
Or only to the wild winds sung,
Ere it had tun'd with wail and woe,
The gallant Warder's overthrow.

But now a dreadful cry and roar,
The slumbering echoes wak'd once more,
As many a Warder prostrate lay,
Or crept on hands and knees away.

A halberdier so fierce in fight,
Made charge with all his gathered might,
When from the foe rebounding back
He tumbled over tailor Jack.

Then Jack arose with angry frown
And knock'd the gallant Doctor down;
The Doctor by old Galen swore,
He'd ne'er be Watch and Warder more.

Limping upon his bruised thigh,
Poor Collop-Joseph loud did cry;
And Whiffling-Johnny wish'd for light
That he could better see to fight.

Hard was the fate of Mister S——ls,
Beneath both B——tr——wth and W——ls;
Tom T—yl—r got a woeful squeeze
Beneath the paunch of bulky L——s.

Meanwhile at distance stood the chief,
With looks that spoke his inward grief,
To see his brave combatants fall
Before the warrior stout and tall.

For still the foe did bravely stand,
Nor warded blow, nor wielded brand,
Nor couched lance, nor fixed targe,
But steadfast brav'd the sweeping charge.

But ah! the brightest day must end,
To fate the bravest heroes bend;
And falling midst thy fallen foes,
Thy glory, gallant Ludd, must close.

The blacksmith pois'd his hammer high,
And swift as bolt from louring sky,
With Vulcan's force and fury swung,
Upon the Luddite's helm it rung.

Loud was the crash and wild the roar,
The mighty Ludd is now no more;
The broad hill trembled when he fell,
His fate the sighing breeze did tell.

But cloudless rode the moon on high,
Revealing to each Warder's eye
The dreaded foe, the mighty Ludd,
Was figure made from lump of wood.

Some waggish youths a stump had drest
With buckler, halbert, helm, and crest,
And nailed firmly 'gainst the wall,
It seem'd a warrior stout and tall.

His helm an iron pot, his hand
Held Luddite pike for burnish'd brand,
A boiler-lid, both large and strong,
Before him as his buckler hung.

"To Gath let not the tidings go,
"In Askalon let no one know;"
Lest they should wake the merry string
Of Watch and Warder's shame to sing.

O, the gallant Watch and Ward,
Sleepy England's wakeful guard,
With larum, rattle, pike, and hook,
Owd Ludd at Cabbage Ho' they took.

THE PETITION OF JAMMY'S HEN.[14]

Ye Middletonian ladies fair,
To me extend your tender care,
And save me from the wicked snare,
Ye gentlemen;
Oh! listen to the mournful prayer
Of Jammy's hen.

For in the morning I must die,
And I must either roast or fry,
And on the spit be carried high;
Poor Jammy's hen!
The scorn, the scoff, the mockery
Of cruel men,

Unless some generous friend so kind,
A nobler sacrifice do find,
To satisfy the public mind,
I bleed!
And over England with the wind
Shall waft the deed.

A good fat scot would more befit
A public roast, a public spit,
'Twould give each hungry maw a bit;
I pray you then,
To buy a scot and offer it,
Good gentlemen!

And Mister Bownas, I dare say,
Has scots enow that he would slay,
If you would be so kind to pay;
Then Jammy's hen
As long as life did last would lay
For ladies and for gentlemen.

GOWDEN-HAIRED HESTER.

TUNE—"Royal Charlie."

O'ER lofty Grange I once did range,
When sullen storms were sweepin',
A maiden fair wi' gowden hair
Came o'er the moorlands weepin':
I sooth'd her, I caress'd her;
And tenderly bless'd her;
And wrapp'd within my winter's cloak
The gowden-haired Hester.

THE LAST PARTING.

And hast thou spoke the word Farewell?
My beauty, my adored;
And hast thou spoke the word Farewell?
My beauty, my adored;
Mine agony no tongue can tell
For thee, my own adored,
Ah! did I love indeed too well?
The angel I adored.

We met beneath the greenwood shade,
My beauty, my adored;
We met beneath the greenwood shade,
My beauty, my adored;
A garland of sweet flowers I made
For thee, my own adored,
And till the break of day we stay'd
Within those bowers, adored.

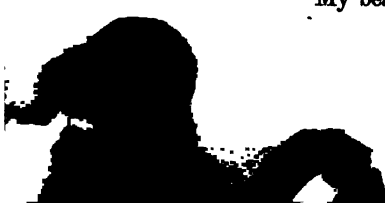
But darkness was upon thine eye,
My beauty, my adored;
But darkness was upon thine eye,
My beauty, my adored!
Sad anguish burst with every sigh
From thee, my own adored,
And fondly, yet how tearfully,
Thou spake to thine adored.

We meet no more, we meet no more,
Within this world, adored;
We meet no more, we meet no more,
Within this world, adored;
There's heaven above, and earth before,
For thee and me, adored,
But though our dreams of bliss are o'er,
Thou still shall be adored.

And is it thus at last we part,
My beauty, my adored;
And is it thus at last we part,
My beauty, my adored;
Thy tears upon my broken heart,
My beauty, my adored,
To die were better than to part
From thee, mine own adored.

To regions 'neath the solar ray,
I wander, my adored;
To regions 'neath the solar ray,
I wander, my adored;
O'er desert wild, and howling sea,
Afar from thee, adored,
He fears not further misery,
Who's lost his own adored.

Then, fare thee well; Oh! fare thee well,
My beauty, my adored;
Then, fare thee well; Oh! fare thee well;
My beauty, my adored;



Mine agony no tongue can tell
For thee, mine own adored,
Ah! did I love indeed too well?
The angel I adored.

MORNING.

See yon mildly beaming light
Bursting on the rear of night;
See it wider, wider spread,
Over Alpin's rocky head:
Alpin, who, as bards have told,
Strove with Ealderman the bold.
Bootless strife—for Rimmon, fair,
For the warrior could not care;
Nought availed beseeching eye,
Given to the winds his sigh;
Nor did force befriend the brave,
Rimmon perish'd in the wave.
Now, adown his rugged side,
Pours the flood of morning tide;
Night hath rolled back her cloud,
Mead and mountain to unshroud;
Reynard seeks his safe retreat,
The owl her solitary seat,

And the bat hath found her nest,
And the pole-cat is at rest ;
And the poacher is a-bed,
Dreaming how he lucky sped,
Net, and grin, and store of game,
None their hiding place to name.
Venus now her fainting gleam
Yields to Sol's superior beam :
See him rise, a globe of light,
Robed in effulgence bright :
Mountain, tree, and village spire,
Wrapping in ethereal fire :
High, and higher, rising still,
Till he tops the highest hill :
Clouds he smileth far away,
Limpid dew and mist so grey :
Part he gives to feed the flowers,
Part to spangle on the bowers,
Part he calleth up again
To feed the cataracts of rain.
See the lowly primrose pale,
From its grassy covert steal ;
Daisies, tinged with purple glow,
Lady smock, as white as snow ;
Crocus yellow, white, or blue,
Daffodil of golden hue ;
Polyanthus varied cup
Doth the dewy off'ring sup ;
These, besides a hundred more,
Field and garden spangle o'er.

Hark! yon ever varying song
Bursting from the feathered throng;
Hark! the ousel's melody,
Pouring from his wonted tree;
Whilst the lark is tuning high
His grateful carol in the sky.
Now, the throstle's lordly throat,
Now, the linnet's twitt'ring note;
And the robin and the wren,
Favoured by the sons of men.
Echo joins the vocal throng,
And the chorus doth prolong
Over flowery dale and hill,
Over brook and pearly rill;
Over pasture, over dell,
Woodland dark, and mossy cell.
Now the smoking cot is seen,
With its ivy'd chimney green;
Children playing in the fold,
Whilst the busy wife doth scold;
And the damsel takes her pail
Off a milking to the vale;
And the lads are sped away,
For another ploughing day.
There, with songs of mirth and glee,
Tales of love and constancy,
And peals of laughter bursting free,
Wide o'er the deeply furrow'd lee;
Hail! the morning, blithe and gay,
Grateful for another day.

SONG, "OLDHAM LOCAL."

TUNE — "There's ne'er nea luck about the house."

O, HARK! the rolling, rolling drum,
O, hark! the music play;
Down Ebor's march, the local lads
In soldier-like array.
And see their spangled banners wave
And see their armour shine;
Approach a thousand hearts so brave,
And one of them is mine.

I'll sweep the hearth, I'll beet the fire,
A posset will I make;
I'll reach him down the dainty cheese,
There's bread upon the flake:
And if beneath his baggage load
His weary feet should fail,
I'll roast his cheese, and toast his bread,
And sop it in good ale.

For ever since the dreary morn
When from me he did part,
I've been bewilder'd and forlorn,
No joy hath known my heart;

But now I'll cheer me up and sing,
My love approaches near,
And hark! the cymbals louder ring,
I'll go and meet my dear.

I'll take my bonny prattler sweet
And hie me down the lane,
And when my baby's dad we meet,
I'm sure he will be fain;
And he will bring thee things so fine,
Thou art his little store,
And O! my arms shall round him twine,
I'll love him more and more.

Prepare the dance in Oldham town,
Ye blushing maidens gay;
Prepare the feast in Oldham town,
Ye matrons, growing gray;
Prepare the couch in Oldham town,
Ye wives, as sweet as May,
For Oldham local back are boun'
To Oldham town to-day.

THE FRAY OF STOCKPORT.

WRITTEN IN 1818.

HA! han they ta'en our cap and flag?
Whot! han the Dandies ta'en 'em?
An' did Reformers' courage lag,
An' could they not regain 'em?

An' did the Gentles ride so gay,
Wi' Birch and Loyd afore 'em,
To sweep the "Gruntin herd" away,
Or bravely gallop o'er 'em?

O! whot could ston' afore the might
O' Yeomanry so loyal?
Who coom to drive the "herd" aright,
An' would ha' no denial;
Until the stones began to fly,
An' yeds began a crackin',
An' then the Gallant Yeomanry
Wurn fain to find a backin'.

But furst coom Birch, the deputy,
Our cap and flag demandin';
I'faith, afore he'd said his say,
The lubber lost his standin'!
For up there step'd a lusty lad,
An' knock'd his shanks fro' under;
An' laid his shoon into his ribs,
Which made him gasp an' wonder.

An' then came one o' Nadin's cubs,
An' he essay'd to take it;
But Mister Bangy geet his dubs,
Which made him soon forsake it;
For Saxton blun'd his thievin' e'e,
An' gan' his jaw a welter,
Which made "right about" to flee
As fast as he could skelter.

Then amblin' up the "Gemmen" came
Towards the front o'th' hustin';
But soon their folly did they blame,
The "rabblement" for trustin';
For sticks wurn up, an' stones they flew,
Their gentle bodies bruisin',
And in a hurry they withdrew
Fro' sitch unmannert usin'.

Then preawdly let our banner wave,
Wi' freedom's emblem o'er it,
And toasted be the Stopport lads,
The lads who bravely bore it.
An' let the "war-worn" Yeomanry
Go curse their sad disasters,
An' count, in rueful agony,
Their bruises an' their plasters.

THE UNION HYMN.

Ye bards of Britain, strike the lyre,
And sing the happy Union;
In strains of patriotic fire,
O sing the happy Union.
Not distant is the welcome day,
When woe, and want, and tyranny,
Shall from our isle be swept away.
The grand epoch of Liberty
Awaits a faithful Union.

O worthy is the glorious cause,
Ye patriots of the Union;
Our fathers' rights, our fathers' laws,
Await a constant Union.
A crouching dastard sure is he
Who would not strike for liberty,
And die to set old England free
From all her load of tyranny:
Up, brave men of the Union.

Our little ones shall learn to bless
Their fathers of the Union;
And every mother shall caress
Her hero of the Union.
Our plains with plenty shall be crown'd—
The sword shall till the fruitful ground—
The spear shall prune our trees around—
And joy shall everywhere abound,
To bless a faithful Union.

Then Britain's Prince shall truly reign,
His subjects will defend him;
And free from loath'd corruption's train,
Bright honour shall attend him;
Whilst foreign despots ever more
Shall venerate our Albion's shore;
And war, with all its crime and gore,
Forgotten and for ever o'er,
Shall crown a nation's Union.

THE BARD'S REFORMATION.

TUNE.—"London, fare thee well."

ADIEU to the Alehouse, where pounds I have spent,
For drinkin' and smokin' bring little content,
Where laughin' an' grinnin',
An' bettin' an' winnin',
Cause sorrowful sinnin',
The roar and the rant,
A better beginnin' is now my intent.

Adieu to the fiddle, the dance, an' the song,
To the lads an' the lasses I've trip't it among,
Adieu unto Johnny,
Who dances so bonny,
The tightest of ony;
Yon flag it can tell*
The weight of his steps, an' he timeth them well.

Adieu to the glance of the love-lookin' e'e,
To the lip that is sweet as the mel of the bee;
The waist that is charmin'
The movement so warmin',
The purpose disarmin',
Of mortals like me;
An' prudence alarmin' commands me to flee.

*At the Suffield's Arms, in Middleton, a flag is shown broken by the dancing of Johnny Ogden, supposed at that time to be the best dancer in Lancashire.

Adieu to the lads, who are dons in the fray,
I've borne their sore bruises for mony a day;
There's Darby an' Dobbin',
Mad Ab' an' Rough Robin',
For kickin' or nobin'
Do carry the bay,
There's no country gobbin can bear it away.

Farewell to the lads who love frolic an' fun,
An' gayly support it when once 'tis begun;
There's Dick, Ned, an' Simon,
True lovers of joy, mon,
I ne'er found them coy, mon,
At fuddle or spree;
The tear an' the sigh, mon, before 'em will flee.

Farewell to the Doctor, whose wit is as bright
As the glim of the glow-worm on grey Summer's night;
His cordial, delicious,
His green peas for issues,
Pills, plasters, and washes,
Are flitted to Lees,
The sick of the village to free from disease.

"The Gentleman's" company I must refrain,
Although the denial may cost me much pain;
He singeth so sweetly,
He diddles so neatly,
With snuff he will treat ye,
Ay, "honour" he will;
The toper of topers is "Gentleman Sprill."

So now to my own little nook I'll retire,
I'll bar out the storm, an' I'll trim up the fire,
This witchery breakin',
All folly forsakin',
To study betakin',
My mind to improve;
My muse ever wakin' to freedom an' love.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' ROOM, WOLSELEY ARMS INN, WOLSELEY BRIDGE, STAFFORDSHIRE, NOV. 7, 1819.

FAIR is the prospect to my view,
Altho' it be confin'd!
But O! 'tis nothing like the scenes
Which I have left behind.

Yon eminence but shews a farm
With trees thick scatter'd round;
My hills rip out the rushing storm,
And by the clouds are crown'd.

And peaceful seems yon group of cots,
With chimnies painted white,
But there is one, though far away,
More pleasing to my sight.

And Colwich bells must sweeter ring,
Before they ring as sweet
As those which o'er Saint Leonard's hang,
The Sunday folks to greet.

And Trent, too, loiters by the way,
As journeying to the main;
My streams rush onward rapidly,
The briny gulph to gain.

O there is something wanting here,
Which cannot be supplied,
Save on those hills for ever dear,
Where once I did reside.

THE WELCOME.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HENRY HUNT, ESQ., ON HIS VISIT TO MANCHESTER IN 1818.

TUNE — "Croppies Rise Up."

I HAIL thee, because in the day of our danger,
When tyrants conspired to keep liberty down,
Thou turn'd not, thou shrank not, to terror a stranger,
Thou dared each threat, thou defiéd each frown.
As the oak of thy own native island unbending,
No storm could uplift thee, firm rooted in right;
Unworn and unwearied, for freedom contending,
How dreaded the host of oppressors thy might.

Thou raisedst thy voice, and the people awaking,
Beheld the foul source of corruption display'd; *
And loyal stupidity quickly forsaking,
They found themselves plundered, oppress'd and betray'd;
Then, loud as the storm, in its fury outrushing,
The shout of the thousands, for freedom arose;
And *liberty* only can soothe them to hushing,
And *liberty* only shall lull to repose.

We saw the fell spy on thy footsteps attending,
By vengeance-doom'd villains cheer'd on to his prey;
That Sidmouth, that Canning, the lurcher commending,
And the blood-lapping dæmon, the dire Castlereagh.
O! how thy enemies round thee were lying,
All yearning and longing thy life to betray;
But, the foul ambuscade timely descrying,
Thou scaped their tangle of black treachery.

Then, thrice art thou welcome—here brave men will meet thee;
The heart-lads of England, the core of the core,
Thy friends, and thy brothers, will ev'rywhere greet thee:
For patriots are brethren dear, all the world o'er.
Oh! here's not a hand but could strike down a foeman,
And here's not a heart that would shrink from the deed;
All steady and ready, mechanic and yeomen,
The traitors may tremble, the tyrants take heed.

* Certainly more due to the writings of William Cobbett.

SONG.—THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

THE winter wind is blowing,
With mournful sigh, o'er moor and dale;
The mountain stream is flowing,
With torrent rush, adown the vale,
So dreary, and weary,
The bird doth seek the leafless grove,
Which once rung as he sung,
In am'rous strain, his tale of love:
Now all is gloomy, dark and drear,
And nature mourns the summer o'er;
Bright Phœbus soon the scene will cheer,
But joy and love are mine no more.

No damsel e'er was fairer
Than her for whom in vain I mourn;
The beauteous, sweet ensnarer,
Bright as the gem from India borne:
Enchanting, nought wanting
To rivet fast the bonds of love;
Enchained and pained,
The horrors of despair I prove:
And ah! I nothing can bestow,
Save my poor heart that's wounded sore;
And she her proud disdain doth show,
And joy and love are mine no more.

LINES,

WRITTEN DURING THE AUTHOR'S CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF LANCASTER, AFTER THE GREAT MEETING, IN COMPANY WITH SAXTON, WILDE, AND OTHERS, SEPTEMBER, 1819.

O HERE is no repining,
Every heart is true and steady;
Here is no declining,
Still for England's service ready;
Here is not a tear shed
Such a weakness we disdain it;
Here is not a bowed head,
Sign of sorrow, we refrain it;
The more the bloody tyrants bind us,
The more united they shall find us.

The Patriot on his cell-bed,
Can sleep an undisturbed sleep;
The Pander on his hell-bed
May curse, and groan, and madly weep,
When daylight dimly breaketh
In stony cell, through bars on high,
And innocence awaketh,
It looketh with a thankful eye.
Though Justice dash her scales away,
Shall murder fearless front the day?

THE BEE.

Ye lovers of nature attend unto me.
I'll sing you a ditty concerning the Bee;
The noblest of insects for industry,
And well worth a song I am sure is the Bee.

When Sol darts his beams over meadow and moor,
The Bee, ever active, explores each flower,
Returns home with honey to lay up in store,
To serve him when winter around him doth roar.

And when the rude storm overshadows the sky,
And abroad to the flowers he no longer can fly:
Still, seeking employment, he works in the hive,
In building, or keeping the young ones alive.

Ye Sovereigns of Europe, in Congress that sit,
This poor little insect would learn you some wit:
Here, rul'd without soldiers, the masses you see,
O, learn then to govern as governs the Bee.

SONG.—THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my native dells and bowers,
Farewell ye fragrant scented flowers;
No more your dewy tints I twine,
My love to deck with garland fine;
Farewell ye rindles gushing clear,
Where often I have met my dear;
I now must bid a long adieu,
To the greenwood shady bowers and you.

Farewell, ye honey-winged gales,
Farewell, ye sloping hills and dales;
Ye waving woods that sweep the sky,
Ye daisy'd meads that lowly lie;
No more to pluck your sweets I rove,
My fond arm lock'd around my love;
I now must bid a long adieu,
To shady greenwood bowers and you.

And, O farewell, thou heart-lov'd dear,
Wipe from thy cheek that pearly tear;
I now must bid a long adieu,
To scenes of happiness and you;
No more transported shall I sip,
The nectar of thy rosy lip;
But still my constant heart shall stay
With thee when I am far away.

SONG.

My true-lover told me, when he went away,
(For hard fortune did part us in twain),
He would pour his complaints to the moon's silver ray,
When it gilded the wide tented plain.
Then, rise up, O moon! he will whisper to thee,
And thou wilt convey my love's sorrows to me.

Methinks, when I hear the wild winds whistle by,
Comes mingled my love's mourning strain;
That they bring from afar a sweet kiss or a sigh,
As slowly they sweep o'er the plain.
Blow softly, ye gales, if ye faithful would prove,
And bring me a kiss or a sigh from my love.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

When flattering fortune promis'd kind,
That she a store of gold would find,
Would I her intimations mind—
Then every day
Acquaintance came with greetings kind
Respects to pay.

How grateful did my bosom feel.
They took such interest in my weal,
Their open, candid, ardent zeal
Did me insure—
That their professions must be real,
Their friendship pure.

Sure ne'er was man more bless'd than I,
Oft in a transport would I cry
A wife belov'd for company,
And one sweet chuck,
My little Ann, my darling joy,
My dearest duck.

So smiles the morn in April gay!
So blooms the flower in lovely May!
But, ah! before the close of day
Rude storms arise:
The rattling hail doth fiercely play,
And low it lies.

This blessed calm, how soon it past—
Then came adversity's keen blast;
O'erturn'd—and to the ground were cast—
My foolish schemes!
Strewn like the leaves o'er winter's waste
My idle dreams.

THE DYING DRAGOON.

On Mount St. John's too dearly purchas'd day,
When broken Gallia fled the bloody fray;
And he, the mighty chief that's now afar,
Reluctant left the frightful wreck of war;
Whilst England's hardy sons to victory bore,
O'er hills of slain, through floods of smoking gore.
And vengeful Prussia, scatt'ring death around,
Cut many a gallant hero to the ground.
On that great day, sore wounded on the plain,
Bleeding to death, and mingled with the slain;
A poor dragoon slow rais'd his drooping head,
And thus in dying accents faintly said:
"Farewell, dear England's peaceful, happy shore!
For I, alas! must visit thee no more.
Farewell, ye dearer ties that my fond heart
Hath vainly cherish'd, thus at last to part.
My mother, brother, sister unto you
I bid a long, and ah! a last adieu.
And ye to whom my tenderest cares extend,
My wife, my children, mighty God defend.
O watch them with a father's tender care!
Supply their wants and guard them from each snare.

Alas! how little do they think that I
To-day on this dark bloody plain do lie:
Am glad to pillow my poor weary head,
On mangled corse of gallant comrade dead.
O! will my wedded love remember me,
Amid the world and all its vanity?
Embalm my name in many a heart-sprung tear,
And in her bosom hold my memory dear;
Or, will she thoughtless join the giddy throng,
Promote the laugh, and listen to the song?
Dark thought! that deeper wounds my parting soul,
Than death triumphing in the battle's howl.
Away, away, I sigh thee to the wind:
My Mary's heart can never be unkind.
That mournful night, that agonising day,
I tore myself from all that's dear away.
O! what a weight lay on my bursting heart,
Though I in hopes of sweet return did part.
Delusive hopes, that lured me away,
My carcase upon Flander's plain to lay.
Ah, me! I feel warm gushing from my side,
The reeking stream of life's dark crimson tide."
The dying warrior ope'd his dimned eye,
His soul addressing unto Him on high.
Wav'd his bright helm, his slaughter'd comrades o'er,
And, fainting, sunk upon his bed of gore!

LOVELY MARY.

WOULD ye view a bonny lass,
That all others doth surpass,
Come with me and take a glass,
And look at lovely Mary;
Dare ye venture near a snare,
A nymph seducing, syren fair,
Eyes of jet and raven hair;
This is lovely Mary.

Rubies on her lips are seen,
Pearly white, her teeth between,
O! she is a very queen,
Soul-subduing Mary:
Music in her voice doth flow,
Bosom white as mountain snow,
Further charms I dare not know,
Lest I die for Mary.

Smileth she, it is a smile
All my woe away to wile;
Can I think of care and toil,
When before my Mary:

Angel sent from heaven high,
Venus in her majesty,
Beauty, love, and purity,
 Is my charming Mary.

Flowers may wave in meadow sheen,
Birds may sing in woodlands green,
How imperfect is the scene
 If without my Mary:
Life, and love, and all to me,
Genius of my destiny,
Shall I live, and not for thee?
 Never, dearest Mary.

THE LANCASHIRE HYMN.

FOR PUBLIC MEETINGS.

TUNE—"Falmouth"—1st vol. Harrison's Collection.

GREAT God! who did of old inspire
 The patriot's ardent heart,
And fill'd him with a warm desire
 To die, or do his part.
O let our shouts be heard by thee,
Genius great of liberty.

Here 'fore creation's million worlds,
Our wrongs we do proclaim,
And when thy banner thou unfurls,
We will redress the same.
Triumph ever waits on thee
God of love and liberty.

When fell oppression o'er the land,
Hung like a darksome day;
And crush'd beneath a tyrant's hand
A groaning people lay;
The patriot band, impell'd by thee,*
Nobly strove for Liberty.

And, shall we tamely now forego
The rights for which they bled!
And crouch beneath a minion's blow,
And basely bow the head?
Ah! no—it cannot, cannot be;
Death for us, or Liberty.

PART II.

Behold! yon midnight dark divan,
The plunderers of our right,
Fell sorcerers, mustering ev'ry ban
Our happiness to blight;
Why lingers yet the nation's ire,
Why bursteth not the flood of fire?

* Hampden and his compatriots.

The dungeon door hath opened wide,
 Its victims to immure ;
And blood hath yonder scaffold dyed,
 Betray'd by hellish lure.
O Justice, why so long delay,
To bare thy sword of equity ?

Have we not heard the infant cry,
 And mark'd its mother's tear ;
That look which told us mournfully,
 That woe and want were there.
And shall they ever weep again ?
And shall their pleadings be in vain ?

By the dear blood of Hampden shed,
 In freedom's noble strife,
By gallant Sydney's gory head,
 By all that's dear to life,
They shall not supplicate in vain !
No longer will we bear the chain !

Souls of our mighty sires, behold,
 This band of brothers join,
O never, never be it told,
 That we disgrace your line—
If England wills the glorious deed,
We'll have another Runnimede.

A SONNET.

My daisy sweet is drooping,
Alone upon the lee;
A frost there came in evil hour
And nipt it cruelly.

But when the winter's over
I'll back return to thee,
And thou shalt rise and smile again
In beauty on the lee.

And lest the winds of heaven
Too rudely on thee blow,
Within a secret bower of mine
In safety shalt thou grow.

And there I'll gaze upon thee
With an adoring eye;
And sprinkle thee, my bonny flower,
With gushing tears of joy.

And when the sun no longer
Doth cheer thee from above,
I'll warm thee, as thou fadest away,
With sighs of endless love.

THE QUEEN'S TRIUMPH.

HAIL! to the lady fair,
In innocence, who came
And turned with scorn from the proffer'd snare,
The barter of her fame—
My boys!
The barter of her fame.

Where is now that threat,
So cowardly—so mean—
Wherewith this lady they beset—
Our persecuted Queen.

Hail! to our lady brave,
Whom I have sung before—
She may laugh at the fool and defy the knave,
Their power can harm no more.

And he may shed his tears,
Who tears at will can shed,
Whilst the blood doth boil in his hollow heart,
Like the fiery lava, red.

And they who sit in lawn,
From human passion free,
They will turn and pray most fervently
For "Her Sacred Majesty."

For there they wait with bell,
And there they wait with book—
"Keeping an eye on the corporal,"
To catch a word or a look.

The sinner may fall to hell,
The saint may 'scape to heaven,
But without a nod from "the corporal"
Not a word of grace is given.

And he may doff his gown,
Who slandered for pay,
And he may either hang or drown,
For "the dog hath had his day."

Then fill the sparkling glass,
I would if I were free,*
To every lad and to every lass
That would bear me company,

And holding it on high,
I'd toast that heroine,
Who hath beaten her foes so gallantly—
Triumphant Caroline,
My boys!
Triumphant Caroline.

This poem was written when the author was a prisoner in Lincoln Castle.

LINES,

RELATING TO A BEAUTIFULLY RURAL COTTAGE IN HOPWOOD.

MUSE.

BARD, whose eye the tear hath shed,
And whose heart hath sorrow tasted,
O'er whose soul hath anger sped,
Fierce as lightning ever blasted.
Anger, raging wild and high,
For a people basely bowed
To degrading slavery,
Such as Turk hath not avowed.
Turn thy passion's tide away,
Why should fruitless tears be given,
Let the ruin have its day,
Burstling like the storm of heaven.
There are times when hearts may burn,
Sorrow too will have its season,
Mortals cannot always mourn,
Wrath should ever be in reason;
Come then to the fields away,
Buds and flowers are growing yonder,
O, awake thy rural lay,
Wild and fanciful to wander.

Palace proud, or lordly hall,
Peace doth seldom make her dwelling,
Far she leaves the midnight ball,
And the banquet's gay revelling:
Come unto yon cottage nigh,
See how rural and enchanting,
Lived feats of witchery,
Scenery would not be wanting.

BARD.

Now is fled the frozen spell;
Muse, I rise at thy command,
Brighter scene to picture well,
Than was known in fairy land,
Woven thickets, woodlands grand,
Where the ouzle softly sings,
Whilst the cooling zephyr bland,
Sigheth through her downy wings
And the summer poesy springs.

GORSEY LEA COTTAGE,

Now the lonely cot doth rise
To salute my wondering eyes,
With its clasping ivy green,
And windows peeping out between
Thatched roof, which speaks a guest
Only wishing to be blest
As the good deserve to be,
In time, and in eternity.

Growing strong and towering high,
Forests stretch towards the sky
Where the dove her nest hath found,
Where is heard the throstle's sound,
And the pheasant cock doth crow,
With his crest of golden glow,
Flashing wide a stream of light,
From his pinion burning bright.

Low the darksome waters lie,
Which the mossy rills supply,
And the bowers are waving gay,
Deck'd with leaves by blooming May;
Witching goddess, looking sly,
With her love entangling eye,
Painting every flower anew,
Dipping garlands gay in dew,
Giving, as she steps along,
Laughter, love, and rural song.

Braided is the fragrant rose,
There the pink odorous grows,
And the violet, lovely show,
Blushing in its radiant glow,
Whilst is seen the silver broom,
Flowery heather, too, hath room,
And the tiger-lilies pride,
Rhododendron bends beside,
And the virgin-bower hath stray'd
O'er the rural form'd arcade,

Cooling seat, where breezes sing,
To the harp's melodious string;
Sounds combining, which might be,
Murmur of heavenly minstrelsy.

There the juniper is seen,
Clad in foliage ever green;
And the laurel, and the bay,
Ancient meed of poetry.
And the pebbles, white as snow,
Placed in a tasteful row,
Where the various mosses creep,
Where the mountain plants do peep,
Ranged all in order due,
Give a strangely pleasing view,

Fancy there hath formed her seat,
Genius renders it complete,
But, 'tis goodness which hath given.
An air serene as that of heaven.
Widows there forget to sigh,
There is hush'd the orphan's cry;
Cloth'd the naked wretch, and fed
Him who hungereth for bread,
This the grateful poor express
With a tear of thankfulness.
O my God, whate'er betide
England in her darkest hour;
Famine wan, or ravage wide,
Bless the lady of this bower,
Guard her in the trial hour.

LINES ON A QUACK DOCTOR,

WRITTEN IN 1821.

I sing of a doctor—a doctor I sing;
God send such a doctor to every bad king;
For this is a quack of superlative skill,—
If he cannot cure, he can certainly kill.

God send such a doctor to Sawney the Russ,
God send such a doctor to Frederick the Pruss,
To Ferdi, and Francis, and Louis the lame,
There's another besides,—need I mention his name?

THE ARREST.

A FRAGMENT.

THEY came at night, and did surround
My humble dwelling whilst I slept—
And I awoke, and heard a sound
Of feet, as if they softly crept;
And then a firmer foot there stept;
And then I heard a number more,
As if a marching pace they kept—
I guess'd there might be a score,
And then they knock'd at my door.

"Awake, my love," I softly said—
"Awake! the enemy is near;
"Come, kiss me—do not be afraid,
"A wife of mine should never fear—
"Arise, and dress yourself, my dear:
"These fellows do not brook delays,
"Here is your petticoat, and here
"Your bed-gown, handkerchief, and stays—
"For me, love, I can 'bide their gaze."

"Open the door," a ruffian cried—
"Open, or I will break it down;"
"Break and be damn'd," I straight replied,
But I should not have sworn, I own,
Besides, 'tis out of fashion grown;
"Until I find my clogs or shoes,
"For all the butchers of your town,
"That bar of mine I will not loose,
"So break away, sir, if you choose."

And so we huddled on our clothes—
And, as I fumbled about,
The ruffian swore a thousand oaths—
(Joey can turn some rare ones out)—
And when, at length, the door I sought,
And took my trusty bar away,
There was a staggering, methought,
Amongst the police gentry,
Which seemed rather cowardly.

But in they came—a mighty rout
Of thief-catchers and soldiers brave,
(Our British red-coats ever ought
A gallant character to have—
You know they did the country save,
And our religion, and our right);
The very dogs of war, who gave
The troops of France so keen a bite,
When they at Waterloo did fight.

And Joey rummagad every drawer,
And every box within his ken:
Bless us, thought I, what mighty power
The Lord hath given to some men;
And whilst he scratched like a hen,
What should a sinner do like me,
But mutter, piously, amen!
And bend me low and reverently,
For "God ordains the powers that be."

Yes, that is what I should have done—
But, ah! how prone to err are we,
For with contempt I looked upon
Joey and his authority,
Whilst, coolly and deliberately,
Papers he packed up, and books—
And then a smile he cast on me,
And one of those sardonic looks,
Which hell grins in her darkest nooks.

He found some Cobbetts—and, what's more,
A weaver's tie-up, and a draught—
(And as he wisely conn'd them o'er,
He shook his head, and then I laugh'd,)
A sugar cane, perhaps for shaft
Of pike, the cavalry to gore—
A book about the weaving craft,
A pair of breeches, torn before,
And Statesman newspapers a score.

A stocking, and a cloven clog,
A pair of shoes the worse for wear;
The kennel, in which lay my dog—
But Joey never groped there,
Poor Mora would have bit the bear:
A spoon, a platter, and a knife,
Some articles of crockery ware,
Though they were not so very rife,
A cap belonging to my wife.

And now for what he did not find—
He found no beef, he found no beer,
No crumb of bread of any kind,
No coffee, tea, or sugar near,
No crusted wines, the soul to cheer,
No brandy, rum, nor any gin,
So that there was but little fear,
Of me betaking to that sin
Which caught old Noah in its grin.

Nor did he find my trusty sword,
A friend had taken it away;
My pike and gun were safely stor'd,
And so had been for many a day—
My pistols incognito lay,
Beyond both Joey's reach and mine—
My letters and my poetry,
Which would have been a prize divine.
Whew! there was not a single line.

Nor did he even find at length
My golden letter'd banner gay,
Inscribed, "UNITY AND STRENGTH"—
(John Gartside bore it gallantly,
Throughout the fatal meeting day),
Stitched in a damsel's petticoat,
Without the range of thought it lay—
O, it again shall proudly float,
When freedom sounds her clarion note.

I cock'd my finger by my nose,
And winked at the busy fool;
The daft ones, how could they suppose
That I, who'd been before at school,
Should not have learnt a better rule
Than leave these things within their grip.
I should have been a stupid mule
To suffer nine whole days to slip,
And not for action clear my ship.

DOCTOR HEALEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS.

Burning fever I defy,
Swollen dropsy, atrophy,
Agonizing pleurisy,
Soon shall flee before me :
Cholic, with its death so dire,
Madness, with its raging ire,
Anthony's consuming fire,
Never overbore me.

I can stay the tooth-ache pang,
Or extract a faded fang,
Straight or crooked, short or long,
Sure am I and safe too :
Ulcer foul, or eye so dim,
Bruised body, broken limb,
Rightly, tightly, I can trim,
And assist the deaf too.

Whilst the fair will ever find
Doctor Healey soft and kind,
Delicacy most refin'd,
They may sure depend on :
Dreaded measle, frightful pock,
Shrink if I but show my block ;
Death recoils whene'er I knock ;
Whom shall I attend on ?

THE RETROSPECTION.

"The road from Lyons was literally thronged with soldiers and deserters hastening to the Corsican's standard; every advance added strength to h'g cause, and confidence to his followers. The army under Soult, who has been denounced, has declared for Buonaparte, and the fate of the Royal Family is uncertain."—*Saturday's Mail, Second Edition, 16th March*, 1815.

In 1814, the people were drunk and mad at Napoleon's overthrow; in 1815, after Waterloo, they were in hopes of some good accruing, but their joy was of a more sober cast than on the former occasion.

Ah! where are now our bonny white cockades?
Our "ticket dinners," and our grand parades?
Our banners gaily waving in the air,
Free as the wind and as the lilies fair;
And bearing high their flower bedecked groves?
Our lovely damsels, winning many loves?
Alas! the fairy scene delights no more,
Swept like a cloud the rushing storm before.
No more the clergy in their sable gowns
Lead on the well dress'd gawkies of our town;
Our gawkies now the reverends will not follow,
Ashamed to find their skulls were once so hollow.

Methinks I see that ne'er forgotten day,
When Ebors in the foolery led the way;
When Jammy's hen a dreadful death had died,
Had not good store of mutton been supplied
With which the hungry maws were satisfied.
"Old Blucher," like a second Hudibras,
Napoleon chained on his stubborn ass,

Whilst valiant Cossacks club'd him on the pate,
Knowing the figure was inanimate.
Ah! one short glance from his keen eagle eye
Had made a host so despicable fly,
And from the warrior's face one darkening frown
Had scatter'd all the Cossacks of our town;
But weavers now no more such game will follow,
Their pockets empty and their bellies hollow.

No more the Orangemen in grand array
Expose to gaping crowds their trumpery;
No more their banners, serpents, rods, and staves,
Carried by fools, or, what is worse, by knaves,
Are trimm'd anew to glut the vulgar gaze,
And fill our wide mouth'd starers with amaze;
Masons and Orangemen parade no more,
Napoleon reigns and all our joys are o'er.

Where now is Mister G——, "the man of God,"
Who with his "wee" cockade so meekly rode,
Displaying every puritanic grace,
Starch Methodism painted in his face?
Lucky the thought, if Mister George would pray,
The Lord, perhaps, might take "Old Nap" away;
Could holy George, like Jacob, but prevail,
To turn and join his class I would not fail;
But ah! his "wee" cockade he dons no more,
Napoleon reigns, and George's ride is o'er.

Farewell, ye drunken scenes of noisy joy,
a broken shin, and eke the blacken'd eye;

Farewell, the roaring of the mimic thunder,
The terror of our clodpoles, and the wonder;
Farewell, ye lumps of pudding and roast beef,
To gnawing hunger giving kind relief;
Farewell, ye bursting butts of foaming ale,
Inspiring many a merry song and tale.
No more our wives are blithe with rum and tea,
In bib and tucker donn'd for holiday;
No more the hissing rocket mounts the sky,
O'er gaping mouth and wonder-seeing eye;
And when I future scan, the cheerless scene
Doth almost make me wish I had not been.
Alas! the golden days will come no more,
Napoleon reigns, and feasting joys are o'er;
Ah! crows the cock? I'll toddle into bed,
And cure with sleep my weary heart and head.

LINES,

ON THE LIBERATION OF SIR CHARLES WOLSELEY, IN 1821.

COME cease from his labour,
Each friend and each neighbour,
And let us be happy and merry to-day;
For down at the hall yon',
They're having a ball yon',
And we shall be welcome as flowers in May.

Sir Charles has invited,
He shall not be slighted,
Too long from our eyes have they kept him away;
But now we will meet him,
And joyfully greet him,
And we will be happy at Wolseley to-day.

We know the occasion,
Of his separation,
From home and from freedom, and all that is dear;
He sought a redressing,
Of burdens oppressing,
He sought to obtain us our birth-right so clear;
The strong arm of power
Hath now had its hour,
The bird that is free let him sing while he may,
We'll give him a chorus,
Whilst mirth cometh o'er us,
And welcome Sir Charles unto Wolseley to-day.

The lady omitting,
Were never befitting,
May the hand of the mighty each blessing bestow,
With o'erflowing measure
Of every pleasure
Allotted to human existence below;
And bless her young smilers,
Those artless beguilers,
With looks full of brightness, and locks that are fair;
Young William we'll toast him,
The Bard hath not lost him,
A bumper, a bumper to Wolseley's high heir.

The old and the young come,
The feeble and strong come,
The husband, the wife, and their children beside;
Each rosy-lipped beauty,
For pleasure and duty,
Is braided so bonny in virtuous pride;
Whilst bright wine is flowing,
And warm hearts are glowing,
Our mirth shall the precepts of wisdom obey;
And we will be merry,
As long as we tarry,
In honour of freedom and Wolseley to-day.

LINES ON ANOTHER DOCTOR.

The Author being once pointed out in company in an offensive manner, by a person styling himself a surgeon, as "The Middleton Poet," and asked if he could not give a specimen of his poetry, repeated the following lines (the last two excepted, which have since been added).

BEHOLD yonder empiric strutting his rounds,
When at shop he can find neither tumours nor wounds;
He's a blackguard when wroth, and a puppy when cool,
And the veriest dunce that e'er stood on a stool.
He was whipt and wore bells, as a zany at school,
What a pity to whip such a natural fool.

QUERY.

Then why flog him now, if you'd spare him at school?
Because he's become something worse than a fool.

SONG—THE GONNOR.[15]

A Gonnor dwells o'th' Barrowfells,
O, he's a meety gonnor:
Of gonnors o', he bears the bells,
An' surely that's a honour;
Some time ago, as yo' mun kno',
Authority wur gin him,
To banish ducks, fro' dams an' brucks,
If after daylit swimmin'.

As looks "a gentleman o'th' teawn,"
When stufft wi' public dinner,
Upon a cholic grip'n cleawn,
A hungry, wand'rin sinner;
As looks at my poor rhymin' ripp
A welkin-born Pegasus;
So awful looks his gonnorship,
As o'er the wave he passes.

He chanc't to look into a nook,
An' theer espy'd wi' pleasure,
Some duckys bent o' merriment,
Just tipplin' at their leisure;

Then swell'd his breast, an' he his crest
Tow'rd heaven he distended ;
An' deep he swore, by flood an' shore,
Their manners shud be mended.

Neaw ducks, yo' known, cry quack, quack, quack,
An' geese dun hiss and cackle,
An' this, a tawkin' is their mack,
When they'n a mind to rattle :
So, void of grace, wi' brazent face,
He in goose-language tow'd 'em,
'At he durst swear, by th' book o' prayer,
They'rn nowty ducks fro' Owdham.

Beneath his wing he had a thing,
An' quickly eawt he pood it,
'Twur painted blue, an' yallo' too,
An' to these ducks he show'd it ;
He sed 'twur sent by th' Cormorant,
At op at Lunnun keawers,
To banish ducks fro' dams an' brucks,
At after sartin heawers.

The ducks did pray 'at they mut stay
Just too'thre minnits longer ;
But Mester Goose did quick refuse,
Which caus'd no little anger ;
Then swoarn the ducks, wi' pottert plucks,
Who gaily had been fuddlin',
'At they'dn' stop, while the're a drop
O' weatur fit to puddle in.

The goose did sail, an' tow'd his tale
 Unto a meety sea-gull ;
But wisperin' foke at th' back dun tawk,
 That gull wur but a ray-gull :
Bee't as it may, my neyburs say,
 'At th' drake fro' wom mun wander,
An' the goose wi' th' bell, has provet itsel,
 An addle-yeded gonthur.

REFLECTION.

In midst of life we are in death ;
And breathing brings to loss of breath ;
Our laughter is akin to crying ;
Our smiling often leads to sighing ;
And our enjoying ends in dying.

LA LYONNAISE,

FROM THE

FRENCH OF BERANGER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

EBENEZER ELLIOT,

WHO, OF ALL THE ENGLISH BARDS, HAS PLEADED MOST ELOQUENTLY AND PERSEVERINGLY THE CAUSE OF THE LABOURING MILLIONS.

THIS Poem was first published in April, 1839; it was inscribed, as at present to the before-mentioned bard, and was addressed to "The Hand-loom Weavers of Lancashire, and the Persons styled Chartists," in the hope that the reading of the piece, with the accompanying introductory remarks, and the post-scriptum (for which see note 16), might have some effect in counteracting the baneful influence of the Chartist demagogues, who, having wickedly devised the plan of "a National Holiday," or "Sacred Month," as they called it, were then urging their followers to attempt carrying it into effect.

Whatever of an exciting tendency was to be found in the Poem, brought with it, in the same pages, a counteracting admonition; and the author hopes it was not then, nor has been since, altogether forgotten, either by the employers or the employed.

LA LYONNAISE.[16]

I.

MISERY our cup hath filled;
Our workmen have not bread to nourish!
Their breath by cold and hunger chilled;
They faint, and at their looms do perish.
Yet they are sons of France, the noble;
For three long years their cries resounded;
Was nothing due to faith unbounded?
But, kings were listless of their trouble.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

II.

Noble and industrious city,
Thy chiefs regard not thy complaining;
Thy traitor chiefs, remorse nor pity
That felt, when tears of thine were raining.
Unseen thy tears, unheard thy prayers;
Unto the bayonet they gave thee,
With none to succour, none to save thee;
The suff'ring thine, the guilt is theirs.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

III.

People and soldiers, silence! silence!
In camp and crowded neighbourhood:
The boon of food—the doom of violence,
Is bread, is bread!—is blood, is blood!
You hear these words; who hath them spoken?
They are the words of your elected;
Your traitors, chosen and protected:
Then, die! or be your fetters broken.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

IV.

Elected you those chieftains savage?
Insensible to your afflictions;
What votes have they, by bribes and ravage?
What votes have you, with all restrictions?
They scarce two hundred thousand counted;
To talk of rights is but a fable:
Uplift your heads now, whilst you're able,
No longer crouch, to be surmounted.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

V.

The public will, in ascertaining,
Each Frenchman's voice should have expression.
Oh man! cast off thy bonds restraining;
Arise! and claim thy lost possession.

For forty years our steps were tending
Towards that noble consummation,
When lowest and the highest station
Were citizen, all orders blending.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

VI.

Where suffrage is not universal,
There is no freedom for the nation;
The blight of tyranny doth curse all
Exceptive modes of legislation.
The wish of all should be construed,
Whate'er results from their opinion;
Free Sparta gave two kings dominion,
And kingless Venice was subdued.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

VII.

By tame submission sacrilegious,
What fruits do Frenchmen hope to gather?
Proud deputies and laws outrageous,
To bind and keep them in a tether.
In brutish silence they would hold us,
Forbidding e'en our just complaining;
While hunger, more and more constraining,
Our reason scarcely hath controll'd us.
Live citizens and freemen, or perish mid your foes:
Soldiers, before the people, your colours low depose!

VIII.

Lo! pale with fury, Lyons trembles!
The steel is pointed, deep to wound her;
Her voice a myriad brave assembles,
And war awakes within, around her.
Five days—five horrid days of burning,
Carnage, insatiate and untiring,
Walk'd blood-shod o'er the pale expiring;
Not even at the altar turning.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes!

IX.

Are these men from a land of strangers?
These men who form the middle classes?
With fire and poniard as avengers,
Their hatred of the poor surpasses.
They are not from the Tartar regions,
For Paris Tartar chiefs respected;
But Lyons, ruin'd and dejected,
Encounter'd more vindictive legions.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes!

X.

Kill is the word, till all have perish'd—
Seven thousands fall of wrath ferocious!
From dreams of glory, fondly cherish'd,
We wake to massacre atrocious.

Those standards, which so proudly floated
When Napoleon led to glory,
With blood of Frenchmen now are gory;
No longer unto fame devoted.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes!

XI.

Of the Republic unsubdued
Be silent—speak not of its fury;
Although its track was steeped and strewed
With tears, and blood, and deep injury!
Its brave defence was ever glorious,
And back it drove the fierce invaders,
None daring to become degraders
Of a Republic so victorious.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes!

XII.

But in these days, where is the glory
By which we might have been consoled?
Not soldiers marching to victory,
Base gens d' armes have our rights controlled.
From giant splendour, how estranged!
Our accents wake but tones of sorrow;
A night is come that knows no morrow—
Pure gold to bloody bullets changed.

Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as
their foes!

XIII.

A wailing comes from Lyons, woeful!
France echoes by her lamentation;
Fright! horror! hatred! fierce and awful
Awaken the astonished nation.
The private orders now are ready;
All is foreseen, but nought prevented;
A tempest sweeps the discontented—
A tempest horrible and bloody;
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as
their foes!

XIV.

In Paris, the heroic city,
Behold the gens d' armes quickly flying,
Alert for strife, averse to pity;
They thirst for blood, they scent the dying.
The army joins them, hesitating:
They vanquish, but the child, the mother—
They will not in that carnage smother
Those tender ones while supplicating.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as
their foes!

XV.

Alas! to their retreats they follow,
The stripling and the grandsire hoary;
The wounded, as in blood they wallow,
The wife, that weeps beside them gory!
The feeble dame, devoutly praying,
The angel virgin o'er them bending,
A few brave hearts are still defending;
An army, mercilessly slaying.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, your chiefs have slaughter'd the people as their foes!

XVI.

And they are slain! the tumult hush'd!
The people prison-dens encumber;
The vengeance which a king hath wish'd,
His peers will not permit to slumber.
To read, to meet, we are denied—
The oppression is beyond our bearing;
Our tyrants more and more unsparing.
To arms! be tyranny destroyed.
Live citizens and freemen, or life with freedom lose;
Soldiers, come join the people; and cursed be our foes!

ADDITIONAL MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SLANDERER.

EMPHATICALLY INSCRIBED TO "JOHNNY JUDAS," WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD TREATED AS A BROTHER AND A HUMBLE FRIEND, AND WHO REPAID HIM BY THE VILEST INGRATITUDE.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."—*Shakspere.*

STEAL but a crust, and by the law
Thou punished art, of course;
But filch away a man's good name,
And who shall deem thee worse?
Go take a purse upon the road,
And banished thou shalt be;
But rob a man of honest fame,
And few will censure thee.
Nay, thou may'st kill, but mind thou stab
With private, deadly word;
And poisoning by slander
Is a murder not abhorred!

So robber, thief, and murderer,
With coward, too, combined,
Is the poison-breathing slanderer—
The pest of human kind.
And yet 'tis not the slanderer
We shun, like rabid hound;
It is the injured victim, sad
And lonely with his wound.
Ah! would not common-sense and barest
Justice both demand
That victim be restored, and taken
Kindly by the hand;
Whilst the execrable slanderer
Is hooted through the land,
Deep marked with lasting infamy's
Unmitigable brand.

LINES TO A PLOTTING PARSON.

Come over the hills out of York, parson Hay;
Thy living is goodly, thy mansion is gay;
Thy flock will be scattered if longer thou stay,
Our shepherd, our vicar—the good parson Hay.

Oh, fear not, for thou shalt have plenty indeed,
Far more than a shepherd so humble will need;
Thy wage shall be ample—two thousand or more,
Which rent and exaction will bring to thy store.

And if thou should'st wish for a little increase,
The lambs thou may'st sell, and the flock thou may'st fleece;
The market is good—the prices are high—
And butchers are ready with money to buy.

Thy dwelling-house pleasantly stands on the hill,
The town lies below it, all quiet and still;
With a church at thine elbow for preaching and pray'r,
And a rich congregation to ponder and stare.

And here, like a good loyal priest, thou shalt reign,
The cause of thy patron* with zeal to maintain;
The poor and the hungry shall faint at thy word,
As thou threatens with hell in the name of the Lord.

THE PREDICTION.†

BABBLER of St. Stephen's Hall
Hear a bard's prediction,
Ponder on his warning call,
Deem it not a fiction;

* The vicarage of Rochdale is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was conferred on the Rev. W. R. Hay, shortly after his distinguished services in the affair of St. Peter's Field, in 1819.

† This prediction was written and published several years before the death of Lord Castlereagh.

Sure the day and sure the doom,
Sure his prophesying,
Frightful horror, thickest gloom,
Darkeneth thy dying.

Hated as thy deeds have been,
Fearful be thy ending,
Mutes and mourners are not seen,
Child nor wife attending;
Rend away the plume and pall,
Coffin, scarf, and shroud too,
* * * *
* * * *

Not respected is thy life;
Die then, unlamented,
Pistol, dirk, or whetted knife,
Take thee unrepented;
Death shall pluck thee from thine height
Of unblessed ambition—
Gripe thee with resistless might,
And dash thee to perdition.

LINES,

TO MR. SAMUEL BAMFORD, ON HIS SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1864.

BRAVE old Sam Bamford! Rolling years
Have sunk deep ruts into thy cheeks and brow
But thy brave heart nor frets nor fears;
Faith waits in patience for the future, now.

Like some old castle I have seen
Standing in majesty from out the past,
Not yet in ruins, but, I ween,
Batter'd and worn by many a stormy blast,

Thou, in the fullness of thy days,
With crowds of yesterday's within thine eye.
And in thy rugged manly face
A history of thoughts that cannot die—

Art waiting (for thy work is done),
The summons which shall take thee hence away,
To gain the glory thou hast won,
And wear the crown that only brave ones may.

England is more in debt to thee—
Old weaver, with the patriarchal brow—
Than England knows herself to be,
Yet shall she pay thee, though she holdeth now.

Cobden the reasoner, and Bright
The Cicero of this our modern day,
Both will confess in truth and right
Thou wast the "Baptist" who prepared their way.

Europe shall know thee when the truth
Victor o'er tyranny has set men free;
When nations springing into youth
Shall sing the natal hymn of liberty—

When Poland, trodden in the dust
And writhing 'mid the ruins of her fame,
Comes to her life, as come she must,
Strong in the resurrection of her name—

When Hungary, the seeming lost,
But only hiding to deceive her foe,
Shall waken up a conquering host
And strike for "freedom" the predestined "blow"—

When fair Columbia ends her strife,
Ridding the negroes of the chains they've worn;
When liberty renews her life,
To all the glories of her mission born:—

Then, in the future that we see,
Bamford, the Radical, shall live anew,
And be proclaim'd abroad, as he
Who fought for Freedom when her friends were few!

R. R. B.

OLD HALL, STAND.

NOTES.

Note 1, Page 22.

This was the first of my printed productions, and appeared in Harrop's *Manchester Volunteer*, with the signature of "Jeffrey."

Note 2, Page 26.

I have been informed, since the verses referred to were written, that I was mistaken as to this point, and that there is, amongst the ruins of Leicester Abbey, an inscription commemorative of the death and burial of the great Cardinal.

Note 3, Page 42.

Oaphin, as pronounced by the inhabitants of the district, or Alphian, as spelled by some authors, is a high, and when clear from snow, dark-looking hill, in the parish of Saddleworth, and the West Riding of the county of York. It is a prominent object in nearly all the elevated views of the Eastern and Southern parts of the county of Lancaster; and is distant from the borders of the county about four miles. There are many reasons for supposing that this mountainous district was an occasional retreat, if not a permanent residence, of the Britons, ere they disappeared before their Saxon and Danish invaders. At the foot of the Northern and most elevated part of Oaphin, runs the small river Tame, watering a fertile valley, beautiful when smiling in the calm sunshine; and further again to the North, opposite to Oaphin, rises the crag of Oaderman—"The giant snouted crags, ho ho!"

Here is, or recently was, a remarkable upright stone called "Th' Owd Mon," said to have been an object of worship with the Britons, probably also with the Pagan Saxons; as its name, as well as that of the hill on which it stands, is derived from their language. At a short distance, on the same ridge of hills, is a rock called "the Pancake;" supposed to have been a Druidical altar. In the third volume of "*The Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*," it is described as "of an irregular square form, with obtuse angles," having "on its surface four basins hollowed in the stone; the largest, being nearly in the centre, is capable of holding eight or ten gallons." There is also a hollow, or trough near it, called "Robin Hood's bed," probably used for the reception of sacrificial victims; whilst the four hollows were calculated to contain either fire or liquids. Possibly on this altar, sacrifices were offered by the Druids. In the vicinity are vestiges of British and Roman roads, and their fortifications at Melandra, Buckton, and Castle Shaw may still be traced.

NOTE 4, PAGE 49.

In idea and expression, there is considerable similarity betwixt this poem and the "King Death" of Barry Cornwall. The Pass of Death was published in the *Morning Herald* very soon after Mr. Canning's decease, probably before his funeral took place. "King Death," if the author mistake not, made its appearance long afterwards.

NOTE 5, PAGE 59.

It was about the year 1827 that being employed as a correspondent to the *Morning Herald*, the worthy and amiable proprietor of that paper expressed a wish to see me in London, when the verses to which this note refers were transmitted as containing some of my reasons for preferring to remain at home at that time.

The Poem has been set to music by Mr. W. C. Ridings, of Middleton. Music composed by a working man! to words written by a fellow labourer! This indicates what may be expected from "the labouring classes" in times to come.

NOTE 6, PAGE 70.

This story, as intimated, is mainly founded on traditionary reminiscences, many of which are current amongst the old people of the district. Sir Ashton Lever, of Alkrington, is still represented in these old stories as the accepted lover (accepted by the lady) of Miss Assheton, eldest daughter, and with her sister Eleonor, co-heiress of Sir Raphe Assheton, lord of all the lands of Middleton, Thornham, Pilsworth, Unsworth, Radcliffe, Great and Little Lever, and Ainsworth. Sir Ashton Lever was the first Knight of his name, and the last. He was of a line not as anciently titled as the Asshetons, and consequently, as is supposed, his attentions were not quite agreeable to the proud old baronet. Some stories impute his rejection to a personal difference betwixt the two families. However it was, the breaking off of the match has always been considered by the residents of the district as unfortunate to both the properties; that of Middleton might certainly as well have been annexed to Hanover as to Gunton. Sir Ashton Lever in after years expended vast sums in establishing the Leverian Museum. He was an excellent bowman, and a fearless rider, and tradition has handed down stories of feats of horsemanship analogous to those recited in the ballad, accompanied with sage insinuations that no horse could have carried him, save one of more than earthly breed, or human training. That he performed the daring feat of riding at full gallop down the long and precipitous flight of steps leading from Rochdale Church Yard into Packer-street, and up again, is still considered as doubtless as is the existence of the steps which remain there. He latterly sold many farms and plots of land, for sums to be paid yearly during his life, and soon after died suddenly at the Bull's Head Inn, at Manchester. Rumour said at the time, that he died by his own hand.

The lady was married to Harbord Harbord, Esq., nephew and heir of Sir William Morden, of Gunton, in Norfolk, and afterwards the first Lord Suffield, who took with her the estates of Middleton and Thornham. After the connection the lady seldom visited the Hall of her fathers, and the ancient portion of it was levelled with the ground. It was one of the finest old relics of the sort in the county; built of plaster and framework, with pannels, carvings, and massy black beams, strong enough for a mill floor. The yard was entered through a low wicket at a ponderous gate, the interior was laid with small diamond-shaped flags, a door on the left led into a large and

lofty hall, hung round with match-locks, steel caps, swords, targets, and hunting weapons, intermixed with trophies of the battle field and the chase. But all disappeared before the spirit of vandalism which commanded the annihilation of that most interesting relic of an ancient line.

With respect to the other personages and accessories to the story, it may be mentioned that "the wither'd crone" was in being in the author's days. "Owd Mal o'Cambeshur" was a name of terror to the children, and of questionable import to their elders. The "ruinous cottage" at Cambeshire has fared better than the bride's chamber at the lordly hall; it has been improved, and is now inhabited by the family of a weaver. The place is at Cambeshire, on the top of Bowlee, in the township of Heaton. Sometimes it is called Katty Green.

"The old woodlands of Bowlee" have long since disappeared before the axe; and all the best timber of the two townships of Middleton and Thornham has shared the same fate; the country has, in fact, been pretty well swept out.

It may be supposed that the idea of the "black horse" was derived from the horse "Darkness" in the poem of "FESTUS." But though there never was an author who wrote in the English language from whom I should feel less humbled by borrowing a stray gem,—he having plenty to spare, thickly strewn, and brilliant as stars also,—yet, as such was not the case, I should be wrong in letting it be so supposed. I have never, to my knowledge, had the poem "FESTUS" in my hand, and I certainly never heard the passage referred to read, nor had any idea of its existence, until the evening of the 4th of January, 1843, which I had the pleasure of spending, with other friends, in company with the author of "FESTUS."

NOTE 7, PAGE 80.

A singular instance of the extent to which ignorance will sometimes carry impudence was, a year or two ago, exhibited in connexion with this poem. A young fellow named Milne, a bookkeeper, residing at Rochdale, laid claim, with the most grave assurance, to the authorship of the lines. The circumstance was made known to me, and when I met him shortly after, he seriously repeated what he had previously asserted. Amused at his easy manner, but nearly out

of patience with his unconscionable falsehood, I asked him "Did he ever write a line of poetry before he produced 'Tim Bobbin' Grave?'" The answer was "No." "Had he ever written one line since?" "No." "Could he tell me in what publication it first appeared?" "No." "Could he tell me the month or the year when it was written?" "No." I then told him in unmistakable terms what he was; and left him the laughing-stock of the company.

NOTE 8, PAGE 94.

Jeremiah Brandreth, William Turner, and —— Ludlam, were executed at Derby, in November, 1817, after having been tried, with fifteen others, and found guilty of High Treason. The whole were victims of a plot proposed and matured by the villain Oliver, the paid and protected agent of the Sidmouth and Castlereagh administration. The conduct of Brandreth, both in prison and on the scaffold, was represented in the public prints as being such as would have done honour to any sufferer, and it required not any great exercise of the imagination to picture such a man, so circumstanced, as expressing all the sentiments of the soliloquy. The Turners were most unfortunate; William was executed, and his brother and nephew, a youth of nineteen years of age, were transported for life.

There are some harrowing details connected with the event. Their mother died shortly after, it is said, of a broken heart. The fifteen others were transported for life; five have since died, and it has been said the remaining ten have, through the interference of humane friends, each received a free pardon.

NOTE 9, PAGE 99.

This passage refers to the fate of an early playmate, who went to sea and was lost. For years he was before the author, both in his sleeping dreams and waking reveries. He could not believe that his friend had ceased to exist, but consoled himself by the persuasion that he had only disappeared for a time in captivity, and would certainly return. Alas! he has never returned.

NOTE 10, PAGE 99.

Two brothers, James and Samuel Bamford, young men, distant relatives of the author, and both sergeants in the 6th regiment of foot, fell at the battle of Orthes, in France. The following copy of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell to their aged and afflicted mother, does himself nearly as much honour as the two brothers.

"Kingston, Upper Canada, 10th August, 1814.

"MADAM,

I regret that the circumstance of the 1st battalion 6th regiment being eternally in motion, has prevented my communicating with you on the subject of your worthy and, by me, lamented sons, since they fell in their country's service at the battle of Orthes, on the 27th of last February. The eldest died, on the field of action, the death of a gallant soldier; the younger, in consequence of a severe wound received on that day, died in the hospital on the 12th of March following. They were both sergeants; both bore excellent characters, and their loss has been severely mourned by every one that knew them. The only consolation you can have, or I can convey to you for their loss, is the conviction that they lost their lives, bravely maintaining their country's rights and national character.

(Signed) "A. CAMPBELL,

"Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding 6th Regiment.

"Mrs. Ann Bamford, Middleton."

Major J. Thomas Robertson, of the same battalion, bore still higher testimony to the merits of these two heroes "unknown to fame." In a letter to the managers of the patriotic fund, dated Chippawa, 10th December, 1814, he begged, in the strongest manner, to "recommend the case of the Widow Bamford, of Middleton, in the county of Lancaster, the mother of the two sergeants Bamford, who were killed in the battle of Orthes, on the 27th February," and added, "as the Commanding Officer of the Corps they so honourably served in, he has to repeat that the conduct of these two individuals was unexceptionable in their respective situations. Their zealous attention to their various duties had long marked them for promotion; and their gallantry and bravery on the day on which they unfortunately fell, was the admiration of every man in the regiment who witnessed it." And to his own honour he goes on:— "Under these circumstance, it is but the duty of the officer in

command of their regiment to request attention to their unfortunate mother; and if any relief can be afforded her from the patriotic fund, he conceives no person can have so strong a claim to it." The widowed and heart-broken mother never received a single farthing from the fund.

NOTE 11, PAGE 101.

Cymru, Wales, is pronounced Kumry, and is probably either the root of, or a derivation from, Gomery, the country of Gomer.

NOTE 12, PAGE 101.

The cognizance of the ancient kings of England was—Three Leopards *en passant* on a Field Or.

NOTE 13, PAGE 161.

The "Watch and Ward" was introduced into Middleton in the year 1812, shortly after the so-called Luddite attempt to destroy the steam power looms and other machinery of Messrs. Daniel Burton and Sons, at Middleton. They assembled at night, and perambulated the town and neighbourhood, paying special attention to certain streets and alleys in which "hush-shops" and disorderly private houses were suspected of harbouring desperate and incorrigible "Sons of Old Ludd," foes of machinery. The gentlemen conservators of the peace thus stood apart from the working-classes, and became the objects of ridicule, and of many a homely but severe piece of satire. The poem "Watch and Ward" was the offspring of many a hearty joke at the time. The characters mentioned, though chiefly industrious residents of the town, had incurred especial notice by their over-zealous hunting out of "Luddites."

NOTE 14, PAGE 169.

When, in 1814, on the first fall of Napoleon I., the whole country was in a state of rejoicing, and the inhabitants of Oldham, Chadderton,

Rochdale, Bury, and other places were holding feasts and loyal revels, the middle and upper classes of Middleton, perhaps blamably apathetic towards the great events which were occurring around them, held back, probably aware that some expense would be incurred if they moved as their neighbours were doing, and during a long pause, nothing was heard of any patriotic celebration in Middleton. The working hand-loom weavers, therefore, began to moot the thing amongst themselves; and, finding they were in danger of losing a share of the good things which their neighbouring working-men were enjoying, they determined to have a jubilant festival of their own, in which, whilst they enjoyed the revel, they might ridicule the niggardly apathy of the "gentlemen o'th' teawn." A poor lame weaver, known as "Jammy Guider," offered his old hen for a public roasting. The idea caused much amusement, and met with spontaneous acceptance. The old hen was to be spitted, paraded in mock solemnity, and roasted at a public bon-fire, and thus offered as a sacrifice to the prevailing spirit of the day. This aroused the dormant loyalty of the middle and upper classes, who then began to act, and a day's plentiful feasting for all comers, with drink in abundance, processions, with music, banners, and other gauds and amusements, restored the good folks of Middleton to their accustomed quiet and contentment. The old hen was of course spared, and the idea was embodied in verse.

Note 15, Page 216.

The song of "The Gonner" was suggested by an occurrence which took place shortly after the Luddite raid upon Middleton, in 1812. The "Watch and Ward" were speedily in operation, and one of their leaders, with his doughty men-at-arms, coming upon a joyous company, who were chiefly strangers in the town, chose to suspect them of being from the neighbourhood of Oldham, Hollinwood, or Royton, the working men of which places were at that time under the shade of a dubious character, in consequence of the part some of them had taken in the "Burton factory affair." The company certainly were from Oldham or its neighbourhood, but were quite unconscious of any trespass against the peace of Middleton, or the rules recently adopted for regulating public-houses. The mandate of the chief peace-preserver (the "Gonner") was that they

should instantly depart. They wished to remain until they had drunk the ale then before them; "but Master Goose did that refuse," and the sequel is told in the rhyme. The "Gonner" makes a charge before a magistrate (a "ray-gull"), and the "drake," the chief spokesman of the social party, quits the country to avoid the consequences of a warrant. The "cormorant at up at Lunnon keawrs" needs not further allusion."

NOTE 16, PAGE 221.*

To the Hand-loom Weavers of Lancashire, and to the persons styled Chartists.

COUNTRYMEN,

This Poem, which is a translation of one of the songs of Beranger, the French Poet, is presented to you in the hope that a picture so truthful of your own condition and fate, should you tempt the latter, may excite in your minds a train of sober reflection, and induce you to pause in the career you have undertaken. The last sad catastrophe of the Poem has not yet been enacted upon you; and it remains to be seen whether some English Beranger, if such may be found, shall have to record your appeal to arms, and the terrible retaliations of war and laws.

The story of the Poem in prose may be necessary to some of you.

The Weavers of Lyons, in 1834, I believe it was, turned out against some trade regulations supposed to bear heavily on their domestic comforts and political rights. Terms were mutually proposed and rejected; the workmen took arms, and the laws were broken by individuals of their body. The police, and gens d'armes (military constables), were repulsed; troops of the line were called in; the workmen barricaded streets and fortified houses; and after a series of contests during five days—"*five horrid days*,"—the workmen were overpowered, and seven thousand of them being slain, the insurrection was put down. The labourers of Paris rose to avenge their brethren of Lyons; troops of the line were marched against them; the labourers were beaten in every direction; they fled; they

* This note, though scarcely applicable to the present condition and temperament of the working classes, was strictly so when the poem was first printed.

were hunted to their retreats; and, with their wives, children, and parents clinging around them, all were slaughtered; the inhabitants of nearly whole streets were massacred; the innocent, the guilty, the young, the aged, the women with the men; and the result of this horrible sacrifice was, as described in the last verse,—

> The oppression is beyond our bearing:
> Our tyrants more and more unsparing.

Unfortunately for the too brave French, their common appeal against all grievances has been, "To Arms!" And their indomitable Poet naturally falls in with the sentiment of the nation. By arms, in *three days* (the glorious ones), they obtained freedom! and *they lost it in one!!*—a lesson to make the heart bleed, were it not perhaps sternly necessary to admonish mankind, that, without high wisdom and entire self-devotion, mere valour is helpless, as a blind man without his guide.

When the Greeks sent out Diomedes, their *bravest*, they sent with him Ulysses, their *wisest:* our neighbours, the French, have too often depended on bravery alone, and we have seen their misfortunes in consequence. Warned by their sufferings, Englishmen should take care that wisdom accompanies their valour.

Happily for you, my countrymen, there is not any necessity for an appeal to arms. You have better means in hand; if reason and right are on your side, they will prevail. Turn, then, from the precipice to which you have been led blindfolded, by men worse than blind. Tear off your bandages; look around, and retrace your steps. Be not ashamed to do so; 'tis creditable to renounce error. Come back with lightened hearts to your own firesides, as yet undarkened by crime; endearments are still awaiting you; know their value; husband the few comforts yet remaining to yourselves and families; buy food, clothing, such as you may; *not arms!* they will be at hand when nothing else will suffice; and, do not forget that he is the best reformer amongst you who, in proportion to his means, best nurtures his family and instructs his children.

In such a course you would become superior to all oppression; you would have the sympathy of the good of all mankind on your side; and you would assuredly triumph. But *one day of outrage* would cover you with horror; all would be against you; and the freedom which is now brightening in your horizon would be darkened during another twenty years.

It is true, the middle and upper classes have not dealt justly towards you; they have not cultivated that friendship of which you are susceptible, and more worthy than they; had they done so, you would not have been in the hands you now are. But you can look above this misdirected pride, and pity it. The rich have been as unfortunate in their ignorance of your worth, as you have in the absence of their friendship. All ranks have been in error as it respects their relative obligations; and prejudice has kept them strangers and apart. But the delusion is passing away like darkness before the sun; and knowledge, against which gold is powerless, comes like the spreading day, raising the children of toil, and making their sweat drops more honourable than pearls.

Away, then, with the dagger and the pike, ere you become brigands and outlaws! Turn from those who are hallooing you on to havock! Let your dream of rapine be dispelled! and the proud ones of the land shall soon know that you are more nobly proud than themselves.

With respect to the Government it would appear as if

> All were foreseen, but nought prevented.

Does it also wait until

> A tempest sweeps the discontented;
> A tempest horrible and bloody.

I wish it may not be so; but if the surmise should be prophetic—if the Government, for its own inscrutable reasons, seemingly averts its attention from the public welfare; if it *apparently* ceases to care for the people; the more should the people care for themselves. Stand aloof then, ye well disposed of my countrymen, that if peace be outraged until justice retaliates, it may smite those only who have provoked the blow.

I am,

Yours truly,

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

April 20th, 1839.

P.S.—There is more of romance than of philosophy in the exhortation of the poet, "To Arms!" and it might be taken for a cruel sarcasm did we not feel assured that the ardent and sincere Beranger could mean no such thing. There is somewhat, however, of a strange feeling in the battle-cry to the dead; to the expiring, and the dungeon-bound people; and not less inconsistent is the invitation

for the soldiers to come and join them; join the people they had butchered or taken captive! But this apart; was it ever known that the army of a state joined a class, and that class the poorest, against the order of society? The French army did not, and it was imbued with liberal opinions. Neither the English army, or any portion of it, *ever* made cause with the working classes against the rich; nor would it *now*, though some persons pretend to believe otherwise; a cruel and atrocious pretence. But why should it *now*, more that at another time? What is there in the position of the working classes *now* that could offer security to the army? They could not find it a basis to rest upon; they have no more cohesion of numbers, or concentration of will or action, than had the masses which time has swept away; no more adherence than the dust of the plain scattered by the wind. They attend meetings certainly, and hear speeches, foolish ones for the most part (saying nothing of the other sort), they pass resolutions; shout when they are asked to shout, and groan when they are bid to groan; they buy *portraits* of *men*, whom they follow instead of principles; and are amused with hopes delusive as the base of the rainbow, never to be found. From the heart of their chartist convention to their smallest group they are weakened by envy, jealousy, doubt, and personal dislikes; on two points only are they agreed, namely, the chartists, that they *will* have the charter; and their leaders that *they* must have the rent!!

The salvation of a people must come at last from their own *heads* and *hearts;* souls must be matured, giving life to healthful minds. Hands may be learned to use weapons, and the feet to march, but the warriors who take freedom and keep it must be armed from within.

S. B.

GLOSSARY OF WORDS FROM THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Abeawt, about.
Addle-yedded, empty-headed.
Agen, again.
Arto, art thou.
Aw, pronoun I.
Aw'm, I am.
Aw've, I have.
Ash, ask.
Backin, going backwards.
Barrowfells, Barrowfields, from Baron's-field.
Beawn, bound, about to.
Beawt, without.
Beet, to kindle.
Boggart, a ghost.
Bowt, bought.
Breawn, brown.
Brid, bird.
Bruck, brook.
Buttery, pantry.
Cals, calicos.
Calimanco, a kind of worsted stuffs.
Cleawn, clown.
Clinker, hobnail.
Coom, came.
Cowd, cold.
Cud, could.
Day-lit, twilight.
Deawn, down.
Deawt, doubt.
Dee'd, died.
Desart, desert.
Doanc'd, danced.
Don'd, put on.
Dubs, blows, thumps.
Dun, done, they do.
Dunna, do not.
Dus, does.
Eawr, our.
Ebors, a place near Middleton.
E'en, eyes.
Enoof, enough.
Felly, fellow.
Feyther, father.
Flake, a bread rack.
Foo, fool.
Fooin, fooling.
Fot, fetch.
Fyer, fear; to frighten.
Gan, gave.
'Gan, began.
Gawsterin', gaping.
Geythur, gather.
Gin, given.
Gi's, gives.

Glim, glimmer.
Gobbin, an awkward clown.
Gonnor, gander.
Goo, go.
Gooin, going.
Gowd, gold.
Gowden, golden.
Greawnd, ground.
Groated, bribed; allowance of fourpence a-day to debtors.
Groo, grow.
Groon, grown.
Gronny, grandmother.
Gruntin' herd, swinish herd.
Hasta, hast thou.
Heaw, how.
Heawrs, hours.
Hond, hand.
Hons, hands.
Hont, hand.
Hoo, she.
Hooa, who.
Hursel, herself.
Iv, if.
Jannock, a thick cake of oatmeal.
Keawr, cower; to sit down.
Kesmus, Christmas.
Keythur, cradle.
Laft, left.
Lathe, a weaver's fly.
Leet, light.
Leeter, lighter.
Local-lads, local militia.
Loike, like.
Lor'jus, Lord Jesus.
Mack, make; sort; breed.
Malkin, grimalkin.
Mall, Mary.
Mary-Jos, Mary at Joshua's.
Meety, mighty.
Méh, my.
Mel, honey.
Mon, man.
Moor, more.
Mun, must.
Mut, might.
Mysel, myself.
Nobbin, striking the head.
Noonin, dinner-hour.
Nowt, nought.
Nowty, naughty.
O', all; of.
Obeawt, about.
Ony, any.
Op, up.
Owd, old.
Owdham, Oldham.
Owd Ludd, an imaginary leader of "the machine breakers."
Poo, pull.
Poo'd, pulled.
Plumpt, sat down suddenly.
Raddler, a heavy dancing step.
Ratchda, Rochdale.
Ray-gull, a not over sagacious magistrate.
Reawk, to gather together.
Reawt, rout.
Reet, right.
Reives, reivers; thieves.
Rowlt, rolled.
Sartin, certain.
Saup, sup.
Sawted, salted; caught with salt.
Seawk, suck.
Sed, said.
Shap, shape.
Shoon, shoes.
Sitch, such.
Smoot, smooth.

Ston, stand.
Sturred, stirred.
Summut, somewhat.
Tawk, talk.
Teawn, town.
Theaw, thou.
Theaw'll, thou wilt.
Theaw'rt, thou art.
Theawsuns, thousands.
They'dn, they would; they had.
Tie-up, a written plan for connecting weaver's geering.
Too'thri, two or three.
Towd, told.
Trig, to trip hastily.
'Twur, it were; it was.
Weatur, water.
Wee'n, we have.
Wheer, where.
Wi', with.
Wick, alive.
Win, will.
Wom, home.
Wot, what.
Wrang, wrong.
Wur, were.
Wurn, were.
Yallo, yellow.
Yed, head.
Yer'd, heard.
Yerth, earth.

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